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BUT NOT GOLD CHECKS.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a weekly newspaper
devoted to the entertainment of its readers, and the emol-
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Every pains will be taken to secure these objects as ef-
fectively as possible.

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Hartford.)

N. B. There are other persons besides the editor who will
write for the paper, but their names are too humorous to
mention.

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.

INTRODUCTORY.

The following pages were originally prepared in the
form of a course of Lectures to be delivered before the
Lowell Institute of Boston, Mass., but, owing to the unex-
pected circumstance of the author's receiving no invitation
to lecture before that institution, they were laid aside
shortly after their completion.

Receiving an invitation from the trustees of the Vallec-
tos Literary and Scientific Institute, during the present
summer, to deliver a course of Lectures on any popular
subject, the author withdrew his manuscript from the dusty
shelf on which it had long lain neglected, and, having
somewhat revised and enlarged it, to suit the capacity of
the eminent scholars before whom it was to be displayed,
repaired to Vallecitos. But, on arriving at that place, he
learned with deep regret that the only inhabitant had left
a few days previous, having availed himself of the oppor-
tunity presented by a passing emigrant's horse,—and that,
in consequence, the opening of the Institute was indefi-
nitely postponed. Under these circumstances, and yield-
ing with reluctance to the earnest solicitations of many
eminent scientific friends, he has been induced to place the
Lectures before the public in their present form. Should
they meet with that success which his sanguine friends
prognosticate, the author may be induced subsequently to
publish them in the form of a text-book, for the use of the
higher schools and universities; it being his greatest am-
bition to render himself useful in his day and generation,
by widely disseminating the information he has acquired
among those who, less fortunate, are yet willing to receive
instruction.

JOHN PHENIX.

SAN DIEGO OBSERVATORY, Sept. 1, 1864.

LECTURE I.

CHAPTER I.

The term Astronomy is derived from two
Latin words,—*Astra*, a star, and *onomy*, a sci-
ence; and literally means the science of the
stars. "It is a science," to quote our friend
Dick (who was no relation at all of Big Dick,
though the latter occasionally caused indi-
viduals to see stars), "which has, in all ages,
engaged the attention of the poet, the philoso-
pher, and divine, and been the subject of their
study and admiration."

By the wondrous discoveries of the improved
telescopes of modern times, we ascertain that
upwards of several hundred millions of stars
exist, that are invisible to the naked eye—
the nearest of which is millions of millions
of miles from the earth; and as we have
every reason to suppose that every one of
this inconceivable number of worlds is peo-
pled like our own, a consideration of this fact—
and that we are undoubtedly as superior to
these beings, as we are to the rest of man-
kind—is calculated to fill the mind of the
American with a due sense of his own import-
ance in the scale of animated creation.

It is supposed that each of the stars we see
in the heavens in a cloudless night, is a sun
shining upon its own curvilinear, with light of
its own manufacture; and as it would be ab-
surd to suppose its light and heat were made
to be diffused for nothing, it is presumed far-

ther, that each sun, like an old hen, is provided
with a parcel of little chickens, in the way of
planets, which, shining but feebly by its re-
flected light, are to us invisible. To this
opinion we are led, also, by reasoning from
analogy, on considering our own Solar System.

The SOLAR SYSTEM is so called, not because we
believe it to be the sole system of the kind in ex-
istence, but from its principal body the sun; the
Latin name of which is *Sol*. (Thus we read of Sol
Smith, literally meaning the son of Old Smith.)
On a close examination of the heavens we
perceive numerous brilliant stars which shine
with a steady light (differing from those which
surround them, which are always twinkling
like a dew-drop on a cucumber-vine), and
which, moreover, do not preserve constantly
the same relative distance from the stars near
which they are first discovered. These are
the planets of the SOLAR SYSTEM, which have
no light of their own—of which the Earth, on
which we reside, is one,—which shine by light
reflected from the Sun,—and which regularly
move around that body at different interval
of time and through different ranges in space.
Up to the time of a gentleman named Coper-
nicus, who flourished about the middle of the
fifteenth century, it was supposed by our stu-
pid ancestors that the Earth was the centre of
all creation, being a large flat body, resting
on a rock which rested on another rock, and
so on "all the way down;" and that the Sun,
planets, and immovable stars all revolved
about it once in twenty-four hours.

This reminds us of the simplicity of a child
we once saw in a railroad car, who fancied it-
self perfectly stationary, and thought the
fences, houses and fields were tearing past it
at the rate of thirty miles an hour;—and
poking out its head to see where on earth they
went to, had its hat—a very nice one with
pink ribbons—knocked off and irrecoverably
lost. But Copernicus (who is a son of Daniel
Pernicus, of the firm of Pernicus & Co., wool-
dealers, and who was named Co. Pernicus, out
of respect to his father's partners) soon set
this matter to rights, and started the idea of
the present Solar System, which, greatly im-
proved since his day, is occasionally called
the Copernican system. By this system we
learn that the Sun is stationed at one *focus*
(not *hocus*, as it is rendered, without authority
by the philosopher Partington) of an ellipse,
where it slowly grinds on forever about its own
axis, while the planets, turning about their
axes, revolve in elliptical orbits of various di-
mensions and different planes of inclination
around it.

The demonstration of this system in all its
perfection was left to Isaac Newton, an Eng-

lish philosopher, who, seeing an apple tumble down from a tree, was led to think thereon with such gravity, that he finally discovered the attraction of gravitation, which proved to be the great law of nature that keeps everything in its place. Thus we see that as an apple originally brought sin and ignorance into the world, the same fruit proved thereafter the cause of vast knowledge and enlightenment;—and, indeed, we may doubt whether any other fruit but an apple, and a sour one at that, would have produced these great results; for, had the fallen fruit been a pear, an orange, or a peach, there is little doubt that Newton would have eaten it up and thought no more on the subject.

As in this world you will hardly ever find a man so small but that he has some one else smaller than he, to look up to and revolve around him, so in the Solar System we find that the majority of the planets have one or more smaller planets revolving about them. These small bodies are termed secondaries, moons, or satellites—the planets themselves being called primaries.

We know at present of eighteen primaries, viz., Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Flora, Vesta, Iris, Metis, Hebe, Astræa, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, Hygeia, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel, Neptune, and another yet unnamed. There are distributed among these, nineteen secondaries, all of which, except our Moon, are invisible to the naked eye.

We shall now proceed to consider, separately, the different bodies composing the Solar System, and to make known what little information, comparatively speaking, science has collected regarding them. And first in order, as in place, we come to

THE SUN.

This glorious orb may be seen almost any clear day, by looking intently in its direction, through a piece of smoked glass. Through this medium it appears about the size of a large orange, and of much the same color. It is, however, somewhat larger, being, in fact, 887,000 miles in diameter, and containing a volume of matter equal to fourteen hundred thousand globes of the size of the Earth, which is certainly a matter of no small importance. Through the telescope it appears like an enormous globe of fire, with many spots upon its surface, which, unlike those of the leopard, are continually changing. These spots were first discovered by a gentleman named Galileo, in the year 1611. Though the Sun is usually termed and considered the luminary of day, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that it certainly has been seen in the night. A scientific friend of ours from New England (Mr. R. W. Emerson) while travelling through the northern part of Norway, with a cargo of tinware, on the 21st of June, 1836, distinctly saw the Sun in all its majesty, shining at midnight!—in fact, shining all night! Emerson is not what you would call a superstitious man, by any means—but he left! Since that time many persons have observed its nocturnal appearance in that part of the country, at the same time of the year. This phenomenon has never been witnessed in the latitude of San Diego, however, and it is very improbable that it ever will be. Sacred history informs us that a distinguished military man, named Joshua, once caused the Sun to “stand still;” how he did it, is not mentioned. There

can, of course, be no doubt of the fact, that he arrested its progress, and possibly caused it to “stand still;” but translators are not always perfectly accurate, and we are inclined to the opinion that it might have wiggled a very little, when Joshua was not looking directly at it. The statement, however, does not appear so very incredible, when we reflect that suffering men are in the habit of actually bringing the Sun down to the horizon every day at 12 Meridian. This they effect by means of a tool made of brass, glass and silver, called a sextant. The composition of the Sun has long been a matter of dispute.

By close and accurate observation with an excellent opera-glass, we have arrived at the conclusion that its entire surface is covered with water to a very great depth; which water, being composed by a process known at present only to the Creator of the Universe and Mr. Paine of Worcester, Massachusetts, generates carburetted hydrogen gas, which, being inflamed, surrounds the entire body with an ocean of fire, from which we, and the other planets, receive our light and heat. The spots upon its surface are glimpses of water, obtained through the fire; and we call the attention of our old friend and former schoolmate, Mr. Agassiz, to this fact; as by closely observing one of these spots with a strong refracting telescope, he may discover a new species of fish, with little fishes inside of them. It is possible that the Sun may burn out after a while, which would leave this world in a state of darkness quite uncomfortable to contemplate; but even under these circumstances it is pleasant to reflect, that courting and love-making would probably increase to an indefinite extent, and that many persons would make large fortunes by the sudden rise in value of coal, wood, candles, and gas, which would go to illustrate the truth of the old proverb, “It’s an ill wind that blows nobody any good.”

Upon the whole, the Sun is a glorious creation; pleasing to gaze upon (through smoked glass), elevating to think upon; and exceedingly comfortable to every created being on a cold day; it is the largest, the brightest, and may be considered by far the most magnificent object in the celestial sphere; though with all these attributes it must be confessed that it is occasionally entirely eclipsed by the moon.

CHAPTER II.

We shall now proceed to the consideration of the several planets.

MERCURY.

This planet with the exception of the asteroids, is the smallest of the system. It is the nearest to the Sun, and, in consequence, cannot be seen (on account of the Sun’s superior light), except at its greatest eastern and western elongations, which occur in March and April, August and September, when it may be seen for a short time immediately after sunset and shortly before sunrise. It then appears like a star of the first magnitude, having a white twinkling light, and resembling somewhat the star Regulus in the constellation Leo. The day in Mercury is about ten minutes longer than ours, its year is about equal to three of our months. It receives six and a half times as much heat from the Sun as we do; from which we conclude that the climate must be very similar to

that of Fort Yuma, on the Colorado River. The difficulty of communication with Mercury will probably prevent its ever being selected as a military post; thought it possesses many advantages for that purpose, being extremely inaccessible, inconvenient, and, doubtless, singularly uncomfortable. It receives its name from the God, Mercury, in the Heathen Mythology, who is the patron and tutelary Divinity of San Diego County.

VENUS.

This beautiful planet may be seen either a little after sunset, or shortly before sunrise, according as it becomes the morning or the evening star, but never departing quite 48 degrees from the Sun. Its day is about twenty-five minutes shorter than ours; its year seven and a half months or thirty-two weeks. The diameter of Venus is 7,700 miles, and she receives from the Sun thrice as much light and heat as the Earth.

An old Dutchman named Schroeter spent more than ten years in observations on this planet, and finally discovered a mountain on it twenty-two miles in height, but he never could discover anything on the mountain, not even a mouse, and finally died about as wise as when he commenced his studies.

Venus, in Mythology, was a Goddess of singular beauty, who became the wife of Vulcan, the blacksmith, and we regret to add, behaved in the most immoral manner after her marriage. The celebrated case of Vulcan vs. Mars, and the consequent scandal, is probably still fresh in the minds of our readers. By a large portion of society, however, she was considered an ill-used and persecuted lady, against whose high tone of morals, and strictly virtuous conduct not a shadow of suspicion could be cast; Vulcan, by the same parties, was considered a horrid brute, and they all agreed that it served him right when he lost his case and had to pay the costs of court. Venus still remains the Goddess of Beauty, and not a few of her *protégés* may be found in California.

THE EARTH.

The Earth, or as the Latins called it, Tellus (from which originated the expression, “do tell us,”) is the third planet in the Solar System, and the one on which we subsist, with all our important joys and sorrows. The *San Diego Herald* is published weekly on this planet, for five dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. As the Earth is by no means the most important planet in the system, there is no reason to suppose that it is particularly distinguished from the others by being inhabited. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude, that all the other planets of the system are filled with living, moving and sentient beings; and as some of them are superior to the Earth in size and position, it is not improbable that their inhabitants may be superior to us in physical and mental organization.

But if this were a demonstrable fact, instead of a mere hypothesis, it would be found a very difficult matter to persuade us of its truth. To the inhabitants of Venus, the Earth appears like a brilliant star, very much, in fact, as Venus appears to us; and, reasoning from analogy, we are led to believe that the election of Mr. Pierce, the European war, or the split in the great Democratic party

produced but very little excitement among them.

To the inhabitants of Jupiter, our important globe appears like a small star of the fourth or fifth magnitude. We recollect some years ago gazing with astonishment upon the inhabitants of a drop of water, developed by the Solar Microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were or not reasoning beings, with souls to be saved. It is not altogether a pleasant reflection that a highly scientific inhabitant of Jupiter, armed with a telescope of (to us) inconceivable form, may be pursuing a similar course of inquiry, and indulging in similar speculations regarding our Earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movements of a grand celebration of Fourth of July in New York, or a mighty convention in Baltimore. "God bless my soul," he exclaims, "I declare they're alive, these little creatures, do see them wriggle!" To an inhabitant of the Sun, however, he of Jupiter is probably quite as insignificant, and the Sun man is possibly a mere atom in the opinion of a dweller in Sirius. A little reflection on these subjects leads to the opinion, that the death of an individual man on this Earth, though perhaps as important an event as can occur to himself, is calculated to cause no great convulsion of nature or disturb particularly the great aggregate of created beings.

The Earth moves round the Sun from west to east in a year, and turns on its axis in a day; thus moving at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour in its orbit, and rolling around at the tolerably rapid rate of 1,040 miles per hour. As our readers may have seen that when a man is galloping a horse violently over a smooth road, if the horse from viciousness or other cause suddenly stops, the man keeps on at the same rate over the animal's head; so we, supposing the Earth to be suddenly arrested on its axis, men, women, children, horses, cattle and sheep, donkeys, editors and members of Congress, with all our goods and chattels, would be thrown off into the air at a speed of 178 miles a minute, every mother's son of us describing the arc of a parabola which is probably the only description we should ever be able to give of the affair.

This catastrophe, to one sufficiently collected to enjoy it would, doubtless, be exceedingly amusing; but as there would probably be no time for laughing, we pray that it may not occur until after our demise; when, should it take place, our monument will probably accompany the movement. It is a singular fact, that if a man travel round the Earth in an eastwardly direction, he will find, on returning to the place of departure, he has gained one whole day; the reverse of this proposition being true also, it follows that the Yankees who are constantly travelling to the West, do not live as long by a day or two as they would if they had staid at home; and supposing each Yankee's time to be worth \$1.50 per day, it may be easily shown that a considerable amount of money is annually lost by their roving dispositions.

Science is yet but in its infancy; with its growth, new discoveries of an astounding nature will doubtless be made, among which, probably, will be some method by which the course of the earth may be altered and it be steered with the same ease and regularity

through space and among the stars, as a steamboat is now directed through the water. It will be a very interesting spectacle to see the earth "rounding to," with her head to the air, off Jupiter, while the Moon is sent off laden with mails and passengers for that planet, to bring back the return mails and a large party of rowdy Jupiterians going to attend a grand prize fight in the ring of Saturn.

Well, Christopher Columbus would have been just as much astonished at a revelation of the steamboat, and the locomotive engine, as we should be to witness the above performance, which our intelligent posterity during the ensuing year A. D. 2,000, will possibly look upon as a very ordinary and commonplace affair.

Only three days ago we asked a medium where Sir John Franklin was at that time; to which he replied, he was cruising about (officers and crew all well) on the interior of the Earth, to which he had obtained entrance through *Stromes' Hole*!

With a few remarks upon the Earth's Satellite, we concluded the first Lecture on Astronomy; the remainder of the course being contained in a second Lecture, treating of the planets, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune, the Asteroids, and the fixed stars, which last, being "fixings," are, according to Mr. Charles Dickens, American property.

THE MOON.

This resplendent luminary, like a youth on the 4th of July, has its first quarter; like a ruined spendthrift its last quarter, and like an omnibus, is occasionally full and new. The evenings on which it appears between these last stages are beautifully illumined by its clear, mellow light.

The Moon revolves in an elliptical orbit about the Earth in twenty-nine days twelve hours forty-four minutes and three seconds, the time which elapses between one new Moon and another. It was supposed by the ancient philosophers that the Moon was made of green cheese, an opinion still entertained by the credulous and ignorant. Kepler and Tycho Brahe, however, held to the opinion that it was composed of Charlotte Russe, the dark portions of its surface being sponge cake, the light *blanc mange*. Modern advances in science and the use of Lord Rosse's famous telescope, have demonstrated the absurdity of all these speculations by proving conclusively that the Moon is mainly composed of the *Ferro-sesqui-cyanuret*, of the *cyanide of potassium*! Up to the latest dates from the Atlantic States, no one has succeeded in reaching the Moon. Should any one do so hereafter, it will probably be a woman, as the sex will never cease making an exertion for that purpose as long as there is a man in it.

Upon the whole, we may consider the moon an excellent institution, among the many we enjoy under a free, republican form of government, and it is a blessed thing to reflect that the President of the United States cannot veto it, no matter how strong an inclination he may feel, from principle or habit, to do so.

It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that the Moon has no air. Consequently, the common expressions, "the Moon was gazing down with an air of benevolence," or with "an air of complacency," or with "an air of calm superiority," are incorrect and objectionable,

the fact being that the Moon has no air at all.

The existence of the celebrated "Man in the Moon" has been frequently questioned by modern philosophers. The whole subject is involved in doubt and obscurity. The only authority we have for believing that such an individual exists, and has been seen and spoken with, is a fragment of an old poem composed by an ancient astronomer of the name of Goose, which has been handed down to us as follows:

"The man in the Moon, came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich;
The man in the South, he burned his mouth,
Eating cold, hot porridge."

The evidence conveyed in this distich is however rejected by the sceptical among modern astronomers, who consider the passage an allegory. "The man in the South," being supposed typical of the late John C. Calhoun, and the "cold, hot porridge," alluded to the project of nullification.

END OF LECTURE FIRST.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—Itinerant Lecturers are cautioned against making use of the above production, without obtaining the necessary authority from the proprietors of the Pioneer Magazine. To those who may obtain such authority, it may be well to state, that at the close of the Lecture it was the intention of the author to exhibit and explain to the audience an orrery, accompanying and interspersing his remarks by a choice selection of popular airs on the hand-organ.

An astronomical orrery may be constructed by attaching eighteen wires of graduated lengths to the shaft of a candlestick, apples of different sizes being placed at their extremities to represent the Planets, and a central orange resting on the candlestick representing the Sun.

An orrery of this description is, however, liable to the objection, that if handed around among the audience for examination, it is seldom returned uninjured. The author has known an instance in which a child, four years of age, on an occasion of this kind, devoured in succession the planets Jupiter and Herschel, and bit a large spot out of the Sun before he could be arrested.

J. P.

(For the Saturday Press.)

A CASE OF METHOD IN MADNESS.

I.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Dr. Browne (Dr. Amos Browne, of the "Exford Retreat"), such is the popular belief, I know; but it is an error. Monomaniacs are frequently, aware of their mental malady, and themselves make provision against it by voluntary seclusion in an Asylum.

"Moreover, patients of this character do associate and converse freely with each other, as well as with sane visitors, the contrary being rare exceptions; and do even, occasionally, reason beneficially with each other upon their respective delusions. This was not always the case, I grant you. When whipping, chains, darkness, and kindred barbarities were the régime of lunatic Asylums, the patients shunned each other, and everybody else, were moody, and self-isolating; and no wonder. But, as the French say, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

"A more cheerful, sociable set of gentlemen and ladies—I say it without vanity—you will seldom find, than are congregated in this apartment every Saturday evening, when I hold a little talking and tea-drinking club for them."

"Then you have one to-night, Doctor?" said I, constituting myself spokesman for my two friends.

"Certainly, and if you and your friends like, I shall be glad to have your company." I looked interrogatively at my companion.

At this instant a servant entered and said: "Number Nine wishes to see you, Doctor."

"Is it anything special, George?"

"Well, Sir, he wishes to consult you about leaving the Retreat for a few days, I believe."

"Ah! very well. I will be with him presently."

The servant departed.

"Now, gentlemen," said Dr. Browne; "there is a case which aptly illustrates what I said just now, about the self-consciousness of monomaniacs. And it is, moreover, a very singular, though not altogether unique, case of delusion. I, however, have never personally encountered a similar one."

"Pray tell us its peculiarity, Doctor?" we all asked, in a breath.

"Well, this gentleman—but no! I had rather you would discover it for yourselves—if you can. Come back this evening, and I will introduce you to him. But you must not permit him for a moment to suspect that you know him to be a patient. No one in the establishment, except the officials, is aware of this fact. I have, at his request, so managed that, by the few patients with whom he has had intercourse, he is supposed to be a friend of mine on a personal visit—an invalid, but not in the least mentally so. He appears at my *soirée* as a simple visitor and friendly guest. Remember this, and—will you come? yes? then be here by half-past seven. And now I must beg you to excuse me. At half-past seven, recollect."

The Doctor hereupon bowed us out.

II.

The Doctor's library presented a cheerful scene, when we were ushered in that evening by the worthy physician in person. There were about twenty guests—some half-dozen ladies (all on the shady side of thirty, save one), and the rest gentlemen of various ages and appearance, but all as well-bred and reticent as a similar number of sane persons would be in the same position. They were mostly seated in groups, laughing and talking, but I noticed, that, although the walls were lined with books, and several tables similarly laden, not a single guest was occupied in reading. I remarked this, *sotto voce* to the Doctor.

"Patients of this sort seldom or never read," said he: "They have not the necessary power of mental concentration nor fixity of purpose. Restlessness is one of the chief concomitants of all monomania, except that of melancholy."

The company rose on our entrance.

"Friends of mine, gentlemen and ladies, whom I have taken the liberty of inviting to our little *soirée*," said the Doctor, politely.

We bowed. The company returned the salute. This was all the presentation for the time.

We seated ourselves near the fire (a bright coal-fire). The Doctor circulated among his guests.

"Do either of you play on the piano?" asked the Doctor, coming up to us presently. I replied that I did a little, in the way of accompaniment.

"That is just what we want. Our Professor is too ill to join us this evening, and Miss P. is kind enough to offer to sing. Come, I will instal you."

There was a piano in a recess.

The Doctor led me forward. A pale, but very handsome maiden of eighteen or twenty, with splendid black eyes and hair, was presented as Miss P. the *cantatrice*.

"What will you sing?" I asked, seating myself at the instrument. "I know most of the opera *arias*."

"Alas! Sir," said Miss P. with a sad smile, "I am but an humble ballad singer. Could you play—" she hesitated, and looked round at the doctor, earnestly,—the 'Dying Soldier'?"

The title was vague, but ere I could ask for further information, the Doctor said, smiling: "O! no! let us have something lively, I vote for 'coming thro' the rye.' Who votes 'ay'?" The ayes had it unanimously. Miss P. sighed, but acquiesced. I began. She sang. I had heard the song sung many times, and by voices of world-wide renown. But I never heard it sung so perfectly, so charmingly before. It was delicious. And I am a judge.

When it was over and we had left the piano, the Doctor said in an undertone to me,

"Miss P. was about to make her *début* as a singer, when the Rebellion broke out. She was engaged to an officer in the army. He was killed in the first battle of Bull Run. Hence her present state, and her *penchant* for the 'Dying Soldier'."

If space were permitted, I could give many curious details of the acts and words of the Doctor's company that evening. But my space is limited. And besides, such or nearly similar scenes and characters have been previously, and better described by other writers. Suffice it to say, by way of example, that though there were among the guests, several strange, and even violent delusions, not a single act or word of impropriety or madness marred the genial decorum of the party. After tea and its et ceteras had been handed round, several card tables were spread, and parties of 'whist' and 'Boston' commenced.

"What?" said I, in astonishment, to the Doctor. "You allow cards? I have always heard that the excitement of games was excessively dangerous in such cases, and even—"

"Error, my dear Sir, error;" interrupted the Doctor. "Gambling, of course, is dangerous, sometimes fatal. But the mere amusement of a game of chance or skill, is perfectly safe, nay, even has a healthful tendency; gives the mind a temporary rest from morbid action, and aids to counteract the—but I am not going to deliver a medical lecture. I have not yet introduced you to—" "Number Nine." Look round you. Which do you think is he?"

I passed the various groups in review. Some were talking, some sitting in abstraction, but not of melancholy. One was telling a story, apparently, to a circle of interested listeners. Miss P. was turning over—a little restlessly, but in silence—a pile of music on the piano. I could not hazard a guess. At this moment a book dropped suddenly from a table directly behind me. The noise startled me slightly, for it was quite distinct from the murmur of voices, and I turned round. A gentleman was sitting at that table, alone, and reading. Yes, reading, and so absorbed in his reading that the falling volume had not in the least disturbed him!

"Why, I thought you said that—that—but, of course, that gentleman is not a patient," said I, in some confusion.

"That gentleman," replied the Doctor, "is—Number Nine! Let me present you." We approached the reader.

"I hope you will forgive me, for interrupting your studies," said the Doctor, "but I really wish to make you acquainted with some friends, who, like yourself, have been good enough to accept my hospitality this evening. Gentlemen (naming my friends and myself respectfully) allow me to introduce you to my particular friend Mr. Morne. I should have done so earlier," he added, "but Morne eclipsed himself somewhere, for I didn't see him till a moment ago."

"I took the liberty of retiring to your chamber, Doctor, and lay down for a while, having a slight headache. I am happy to know your friends."

Mr. Morne's voice was singularly sweet, and modulated in tone to a shade of melancholy very sympathetic and musical.

He was a slight, dark-haired man, with a broad high brow, clear brown eyes, and a remarkably sweet smile that showed his small white teeth through his long silken moustache. He also wore a beard of peculiar luxuriance and beauty of texture. His age was apparently about five and thirty, and his whole person and manner *sentait le gentilhomme*, betokened the thorough-bred gentleman.

"A strangely interesting scene," said Mr. Morne, by way of opening the conversation. "A mournful one to most reflective minds, and yet, who knows? There may be, perhaps, a nearer approach to happiness, at least to self-content, in this phase of mental and physical existence—all morbid as it may be called by you professional gentlemen (looking at the Doctor, with a smile)—than can be reached through the full possession of what the world calls Reason."

"But surely," retorted one of my companions, "surely, Sir, you won't deny the dignity, the conscious pride and glory of mental faculties in their fullest development and control, and that this constitutes in itself a higher, nobler, happiness than the mere absence, if there be such absence, of responsibility and—" he halted, for he had rather wound himself up, and his peroration was too much for him.

Mr. Morne saw it, and smiled.

"Well," said he pleasantly, "the question is too metaphysical for superficial discussion. Miss P. has a charming voice: you heard her sing, of course? I was lying down in the next room at the time, but heard her distinctly, and I really think she cured my headache. For which," added he, "I must thank her, as I see she is going, if you will excuse me for a moment." And he rose and went over to the songstress.

"Well?" said the Doctor, interrogatively.

"Well," we echoed, blankly and appealingly. And I added: "I give it up, time not permitting further investigation."

"Ditto, ditto," said my friends.

The Doctor pondered a few minutes.

Finally: "I like a little mystery now and then," said he. "So I shall not enlighten you just now, further than this. Three weeks ago, Mr. Morne (whom I had often met in general society in another city) came to me, and

desired me to take him under my care, until such time as I thought he might with perfect safety to himself, return to his usual life and habits, giving me certain reasons and explanations there for. I considered these sufficient, and agreed to his proposal, making the arrangements with him I told you of this morning. To-day, after consultation, we agreed that he should now leave me, for awhile, perhaps altogether. He goes to-morrow. He will remain for a few days at the St. Ives Hotel in the city, where you can call upon him. If you do not discover his malady in the course of your visit, come and dine with me on Wednesday, and I will solve the puzzle."

Mr. Morne returned. We held a desultory conversation for a few moments, and then took our leave.

III.

My friends resolved to appoint me a "Committee of one" to call on Mr. Morne. I did so, on Tuesday, about noon.

Finding his name on the register, I sent my card up to his rooms.

The servant returned with Mr. Morne's request that I would step up to his apartment.

I went up stairs. The servant ushered me into a private parlor. Mr. Morne was lying on a sofa, reading.

Mr. Morne—and yet, not Mr. Morne!

For a moment his strange appearance confused me. The next, I saw that the change proceeded from his beard. He had shaved it all off with the exception of his mustache. It altered very much, and yet increased the charm of his expression of face.

He rose, and bowed.

"To what," said he, looking at my card and calling me by name, am I indebted for the honor of your visit?"

This singular observation embarrassed me extremely. I hesitated.

"Do you—a—I had the pleasure of meeting you last Saturday evening at—a—our friend Doctor Browne's," stammered I.

He smiled. "Excuse me," said he; I perceive it is a mistake. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Browne's acquaintance—nor your own, he added, after a pause, but with great courtesy.

I never felt so dumbfounded in all my life. What! Was he going to deny his own identity in this absurd and very impolite way, when I—when Dr. Browne—I began to get angry, interiorly.

Suddenly, I remembered that he was a madman, or a monomaniac, at least, and that this was probably his mania. I resolved to humor him. "I beg you a thousand pardons," said I "but the similarity of name—or at least, a fancied similarity, has misled me, and I—I am really sorry to have intruded upon—"

"Don't mention it," he exclaimed; "but since we are thus brought together, pray sit down. I shall be happy to make your further acquaintance."

Having my reasons for it, I accepted his offer. We talked for an hour on all sorts of topics—except one: that of Dr. Browne and our supposed previous meeting. He would not suffer me to recur to it. "Pray don't say anymore about it," he would say: "It has given me the pleasure of an agreeable acquaintance, and so let us forget it."

After an hour of fruitless effort to discover a mental leak, I gave it up, and stopped pumping.

So I left him, promising to call again, and renew our intercourse.

My report to my friends was eminently unsatisfactory.

The next day we made our appearance at the "Retreat" in proper season for dinner.

I related the episode at the hotel to the Doctor. It tickled him hugely. "Ha! ha! ha! that's a new kink!" cried he. "But I think I can straighten it for you. It was simply because he wished to cut all association with the Retreat, to forget as far as possible, that he had been here, believing it would be better for him, as no doubt it would have been, if—but that had no connection with his special mania. Have some fish? George, pass the fish. No, no, poor Morne's mania is much queerer than that."

"Well, what is it? You promised to tell us to-day, you know!"

"I did, and I will! Mr. Morne's monomania is, that he is convinced he is on the eve of—The Doctor paused and looked at us with his twinkling gray eyes. We trembled with anxious expectancy.

"—On the eve of—becoming a monomaniac!" exclaimed the Doctor, gravely.

"What? How? What do you mean? Please explain!" This, in trio.

"It seems perfectly plain. I mean exactly what I say. Mr. Morne labors under the delusion that he is going mad! Isn't that clear?"

"But—but—then he is *not* mad, eh?" cried I, and—"O! ah! then he *isn't* a monomaniac!" cried my friends.

"On the contrary," exclaimed Dr. Browne, impatiently; "he is purely, a monomaniac, since I tell you again that he labors under the delusion that he is becoming one!"

"Upon my life, Doctor, you're as bad as the Sphinx! He is, and he isn't; he has, and he is, or is not, going to have a mad fit. I really don't see it!"

"Lord! Lord! how dull you are!" cried the old Doctor testily. "Don't I tell you over and over again, that he is possessed with a fixed hallucination, namely, that he is going mad, and that the very possession of this *idée fixe* constitutes a pure monomania."

"This is very paradoxical to the untutored mind, Doctor," said I; "but pray do you consider Mr. Morne curable?"

"Perhaps so, though not unless he should submit himself to my care, or that of some professional brother, for at least a year."

"In that case, you will probably see him here again, before long."

As the Doctor was about to reply, some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said Dr. B. A nurse made his appearance.

"Well?" queried the Doctor.

"Number Nine wishes to see you, Sir."

"Ah! and for what?"

"He thinks he is on the eve of a mad fit, and wants to have a straight jacket put on him."

"I will be with him in a moment."

The man retired. We looked in dumb inquiry at the Doctor, for an instant; then, "You have speedily found a new occupant for Number Nine it seems," said I.

"Oh, no!" replied the Doctor, smiling.

No? But the nurse said that Number Nine wished—"

"Certainly; Mr. Morne returned last night."
C. D. G.

A HUSBAND'S EPISODES.

BY ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

I heard a note in my garden bower;
A note of cooing, and kisses of love.
My fair young wife was abroad at that hour:
I saw the cedar branches move,

And two dark shadows, one of a man,
Certainly pass'd across the lawn
Into the place where our kisses began
When the chamber was still and the curtains drawn.

At last I said, when the morning came
And she was as sleek as a sunning dove,
"Shall we go forth, my dainty dame,
From the jonquil-nests and the cedar grove,

And seek the open air of the sea,
Where the blue waves gallop against the shore,
Just as the heart of a man, set free,
Bounds towards the steadfast things of yore?"

We went; for she did not spy my drift:
She only saw, that down by the sea
There would be many a change and shift,
And many a chance of escape from me.

But I was 'ware of a certain walk,
Close to the edge of the cliffs so tall,
Where ledges and lumps of the crafty chalk
Break off to the deep, that swallows them all.

We walk'd there once, and not in vain;
For ever so long it had not slid,
But the rock was loosen'd now by rain,
And I thought it would slide that day. It did.

So she went down with it into the foam;
And, the crowner's 'quest absolving me,
I turn'd (with crape on my hat) toward home,
And waited awhile till the end should be.

I had not long to wait for him:
He came, with malice shut up in his eyes,
With his tongue so trite, and his smile so trim,
And gave me comfort, and gave me sighs:

But, when I went with him back to the train—
Just as a friend should do, you know—
We talk'd the sad tale over again;
And, whether I let his damp hand go;

A little too sharply, who can tell?
But down, with a ghastly groan and grim,
Under the grinding-wheels he fell;
And the train went over him, limb by limb.

As I drove home that glorious night,
I did not laugh; for you see, my groom
Was sitting behind with his face so white;
And he could tell tales to the housemaids' room.

But I gave my leader the lightest touch;
Of a whip that would hardly bear control,
And I whistled a few sweet bars—not much—
Of the merry tune that filled my soul.

Ah well! The work of my life is done:
But I should be rather glad, d'ye know,
To get away from the shining sun,
And hide my triumph beneath my woe.

Love begins with a look, exactly as a fire
begins with a spark.

A sage, beholding a hunter who had stopped
to converse with a pretty woman, called to him, "O thou who pursuest and killest wild
beasts, have a care lest that woman do not
catch thee in her nets."

LETTER FROM EMS.

BY W. H. HUNTINGTON, PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF
THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

[There is an old axiom that "what is worth reading once is worth reading twice." This must be our apology for reprinting the following letter from last Tuesday's *Times*—as also for several other offences of the same kind which we have already committed and are likely (let us frankly state) to repeat as often, at least, as the temptation comes to us in such form as the following.—Ed.]

Ems, Aug. 17, 1865.

How it happened was this:—I mean how it happened that your Paris "Own" has got past the fortifications for almost the first time in five years—a desertion of his post which he feels obliged to explain. At eggs last Tuesday morning, (Madame Busque lays them on the table very fresh), Major X. proposed [the Major in question, with whom I am connected by ties of old friendship and other bonds, lately arrived in Europe to mend some parts of his health, broken by three years' campaigning,]—proposed that I should accompany him as guide, philosopher and friend, by way of Switzerland to Ems. That day in Paris, it was nearly as hot as the gentleman said it was, and Ems presented itself in alphabetical order as the next appropriate place to go to. Besides the heat, the air of the great city was dusty and ill-flavored, and, breathed over and again by natives and strangers within its gates, seemed stale, fusty, and second-hand as it were. Then, Emperor, Ministers, "the town," were all gone, and, considering these things, why might not our "Own" safely leave it too? And so I struck off the second egg's head with a decisive sweep of the knife and hands with the Major, singing, after Scott,

"—Good bye, Mrs. Brown,
I am going out of town,
Over dale, over down,
Where bugs bite not,
Where lodgers fight not,
Where below you doctors drink not,
Where beside you gutters stink not,
But all is fresh, and clear and gay,
And merry lambskins sport and play,
And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay."

Uncommonly short—and very sweet too—to be sure it was, the hay we saw the men shoving rather than mowing with their broad-bladed, short scythes, and the women tossing with wooden pitchforks as we rode along the valley meadows from Basle to Berne. At the railway station we met the Minister of the United States at the Swiss capital. No man in or out of our or any other country's diplomatic or other service, has more lofty, pure, and noble views, than this gentleman, the windows of whose hospitable cottage look out on the panorama of the snow-covered Bernese Alps. He was good enough to point out to us the *Mirabilia* and *Memorabilia* of the place, an office for which his large kindness, his high intelligence, and long residence make him plenipotential.

The wayfarer through this city's streets, though as much of a fool as Slender, need not ask: "Be there bears in the town?" The good town, when, indeed, it was only a little hamlet, snuggled around the Castle, that oppressed and protected, took its name from Bruin (in Germany Bar, plural Bären), which was in a sort a *Nurse Major*, as Didsbury says, foster-mother and god-father to the infant settlement, which now grown up to great city

estate, still holds its namesake in high and manifold honorable respects. A painted bear stands rampant on the city shield, large carved and molten images of him in stone and brass, on all-fours, on back and rump, and in every possible brutesque posture, adorn the public monuments. His lesser idols abound in jewelers' and toy-shop windows, done in cunningly cut wood, and in precious metals and stones, and in wood cuts, and lead and tin. And the bakers do him in pastry and gingerbread—bald-headed parents and grandparents fondly giving cater in that form to good little Bernese who recite their fourth commandment, and Kings ii: 2, 23, 24, (a favorite scripture in these parts,) with proper glibness. The Capital of Switzerland counts 30,000 inhabitants—souls, so-called. I doubt if, by raking and scraping all the back streets, so many as 42 children could be gathered who would dare to say anything disrespectful to a bald-headed traveller.

Hard-by one of the bridges that leads over the beautiful, swift-flowing Aare, and main entrance-way to the city, is the palatial den where half a dozen bears are kept in elegant care, the city's guests. It is a circular courtyard, sunk ten feet or so below the surface of the surrounding public walk, paved with stone, separated in two equal parts by a diametrical stone wall, surrounded by a handsome breast-high parapet in cut stone, having in connection with it retiring private dens for its inhabitants, and a pretty stone pavilion for their resident guardians. There are stalls on the public walk where old women earn their bread by selling small loaves to kindly designed visitors, who throw the victuals down in morsels to the city's guests. These, expecting such things, go through a formula of greatly humorous antics as regularly as a guide book could ask them to put themselves into a attitude, quite human rearward, and await their bread-fee with open jaws. It was pleasant to see the little birds, flitting about and lighting down to gather the smaller crumbs so cumbersome and confident among these big fellows, the big fellows making no quarrel, charitably good-natured in their strength.

Not that they are always good natured, even they recognize a point beyond which bearing indulgence ceases to be a virtue. Just that point was unhappily hit upon by one of a party of late dining Englishmen, passing that way one night some four years ago. The tipsy gentleman mismanaged to climb or tumble himself into the den. Instead of his being sobered by the situation down there, or of his boon companions above by the contemplation of it, he and they must needs disturb and generally imitate the bears, the eldest of whom, finally—to make a long story short—munched and ate the gentleman to death. Meantime some of the unconsumed members of the party had run or staggered off for help, and brought up a gendarme to the scene. There is reason, deducible from the intelligent, right, national character in general, and from the character of Swiss chosen for posts of duty in particular, that this man did all that could be done—which at that stage of the wretched case, was nothing, to save the life of the victim of too much wine. But a report that has run into local legendary form with the English, got about, to the effect that the policeman, who was armed, and might by

harrying up and promptly shooting the bear, have saved the man, did rather coolly look on the case from the point of view of the clown in the *Winter's Tale*: "I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it."

The next year there came, among the multitude of quiet, decent, sensible English tourists, who throng through Switzerland every Summer, a John Bull of the exaggerated, spread-lion-and-unicorn type. One of that sort of persons, of which every nation furnishes the small contingent of foreign travellers, that give all the worst and most of the false notions to foreigners regarding the entire nation. Well, this fellow, very proud of Lord Palmerston, and his personal right as "*Civus Romanicus*," [so I once heard one of the sort phrase it—and pray don't make haste to sneer exclusively, dear general reader—there is not a fig to choose between the ignorance and ill-breeding of a Britisher, a Yankee, a German or a Frenchman, as there is nothing but the *embarras du choix* for pleasant companions among them all, in nine cases out of ten.] Well, this fellow, speaking sufficient bad German or worse French for the purpose, found, or fancied he had found, the very gendarme who had let a "British subject" go to the bad—and that, of all things on the "continent," of all things in Switzerland, which, you know, like Italy, you know, just lives on the English gold we spend there, you know. He took the man to task and reproved him, and, which was ever so much more unbearable, interrogated him in regard to his criminal negligence of the preceding year. The stout, civil, worthy man, bore the bad German and the impertinence as long as subordinate Swiss official flesh and blood could bear it, but at last lost patience, and found this answer: "Man and boy, Sir, I have lived in Berne over forty years, and so far as my observation had gone, I had remarked that Englishmen were plenty enough, but bears are growing scarce."

This tickled the Major immensely. I think he has a trifle of prejudice against "the English" generally, owing to a small party of them not having taken—as the great popular mass and the best of the great popular leaders did—whatever was right on our—the Major's right side in the late war. And hence from Berne there has not been an ill-looking English "party" whom we have met in the Swiss mountain passes, or at table d'hôte, or had our knees grazed past by in a railway wagon, that the Major has not grumbled out "bear meat!"

We found the Bernese Oberland in its usual high condition, except that the glaciers at Grindewald and Rosenlain were melted back further than ordinary, owing to the dry, warm season. I thought, too, that the horn-blowers, echo-wakers, flower-sellers, gate-openers, somersaulters, and the rest of the small begging brigands who infest those parts, were not out in as great force as I had found them in former years. The ascending and descending currents of travellers were copious—German, French, Bear-meat and Americans, male and female. The younger ones generally burdened, for the sake of "local color," with an Alpen-stock, as long and heavy as a rakestai

and as little needed for crossing the Sheldale as for crossing Broadway. The guides, you observe my young friends, never use them on these beaten mountain paths. A single stout walking-stick is better.

We came from Luzerne to Baden-Baden over two Swiss and one German railroad, all excellently administered for the convenience of riders. They are admirably built to begin with; in that the irritating, fatiguing, jiggery movement is obviated. In this respect, this Rhenish and some other German roads, I have been on, are superior to the French—while the second-class cars are as comfortable as the French first-class. The ministering helps, not to say servants (in all cases let us keep from calling these worthy *men employés*), on all continental roads I have ever travelled are properly civil and serviceable. Those of Switzerland have indeed sometimes a little republican surface roughness of manner, those of France are oftenest polite, but these good German conductors and ticket men are just heartily kind. Furthermore, on these German roads, they don't levy a toll of life and limb on passengers; they don't fail to connect, or neglect the switcher, or leave the drawbridge open, or run into the down train and up trains, or use worn out rails and broken machinery, or in general commit murder and proper precautions respectively. The proportion of mortal and grave accidents on Prussian railways is to those on French railways as one to nine; that of these last to those with us is also about one to nine! While these good Germans are careful not to destroy the lives of wayfarers, the fare they furnish to sustain life on the way is equally commendable: the best of bread and other healthy dry victuals, good wine and beer, all at reasonable prices—no pies, and coffee not muddy.

By the way, it is fit to go back a little here to speak of a most noteworthy dinner we ate along the road from Troyes in France to Mulhouse. Sometime about four o'clock one of the helps of the train put his head through our wagon window, and asked if we would take dinner, handing us at the same time a card on which was printed in two languages the following interesting legend: "The express and mail trains not stopping long at Vesoul, travelers who wish to breakfast or dine, are informed that they will find at the buffet hot meals in baskets for two and a half francs. These meals are composed of three dishes, half a bottle of wine, bread and a desert. Travellers have 30 minutes to take their meals in their wagons." At the next station our man telegraphed on to Vesoul the number of dinners ordered, and when we reached that place an hour later, a waiter placed in the car his cylinder shaped baskets in open, wicker-work, like bird cages, almost two feet high, and a foot in diameter. On the top of the basket, which was surrounded with a raised rim of an inch or so in height, was a half bottle of wine set in a hole for steadiness, with a tumbler, a great piece of bread, and a snowy napkin. Now one side of the basket opened like a door, and within it was traversed by three shelves; on the topmost shelf was a good outlet, on the next a juicy bit of steak *cuit a point*, on the third a plate of vegetables, and on the bottom a plate with cheese and fruit; the top served as table. Now, apart from the comfort of eating at digestible ease

when one is voyaging by express train, there were other incidental enjoyments in this long repast—it lasted some fifteen miles—of which there are to be mentioned: the novelty of it, the exquisite cleanliness of it, the unique convenience of it in regard to the free and easy disposal of bones, fruit-pits, cheese-rinds and other debris, by throwing them out of the window, as you must not in town restaurants. At the next station beyond Vesoul, an official came and removed the service, we lit our segars and were happy.

I wrote to the *Tribune* in 1851, and again in 1854, from Baden-Baden. It seems to me as though it had degenerated since then—lost something of its freshness and singularity of beauty—or perhaps, your correspondent has had the first of those qualities and susceptibility of impression from the second, worn off him by the attrition of so many years. There is the same fine setting of Black Forest, the same gay throng in front of the Conversation's Hall, and others throng, not so gay, about the rouge et noir and roulette tables; but somehow the foliage seemed tarnished, the gamblers and gamblers more vulgar, the painted women more painted than they were a decade ago. Baden has since that time, by force of new French railroads and other facilities of travel, come to be a sort of eastern terminus of Paris Boulevards, and enlargement of the Bois de Boulogne; it is the *pus in urbe* reversed, town run into and running down the country. Even through the balsamic air of the terebinthine woods, I seemed to catch tainted whiffs of patchouli and jockey-club, of faint restaurant steams and escaped gas.

Ems is better, though the surrounding scenery is not nearly as fine. It is a less fashionable resort, less Babylonian—and especially less *Babylonian*. The mass of visitors really come here to drink and bathe in the waters, of which one of the eminent virtues is reputed to be favorable to family increase. So one of the springs is known as the "Bubenquelle," in German. "Source aux enfants," in French. Say Fountain of (very little) youth in English. The company is more select than at Baden, Wiesbaden or Homburg, with a larger respectable female element; the gambling less than at other places. All the natives of Ems keep hotels, boarding houses or shops during the Summer; in Autumn, when the guests, and waiters, and porters are gone, they eat one very hearty meal, shut up the town, go to bed and lie dormouse, as S. Waller says, till the next July. Speaking of July, there is a worthy German there who keeps the Fourth with discharge from his bear-garden of private rockets and other individual festivities. He resided long in America, and purposes to return to the United States, he says, as soon as his good old parents are removed to a more distant country. This seems very cynical, this waiting for them to go. But the honest man's return from America and faithful waiting on them meantime is something very kindly human.

Beside the hotel and green table keepers, and the girls at the springs who serve out the water, and (by a remarkable mental development growing out of their occupation,) associate each drinker and his private glass accurately and indelibly on and after the first presentation of the two—though there shall be a hundred glasses on the tables in front of

the springs, where they are left during the patient's stay and only called for once or twice a day; besides, there is one other class in this queer community who drive a briak business and donkies. The donkies are prettily set off with red trapping and side-saddles; women and children and grown men even are set on them, and then they set out on steep excursions up the neighboring hills, the drivers behind them with clubs masonic for their poor behinds, if they forget their hard imposed duties, and straggle or tarry in their narrow up-hill path. I was ashamed of my sex—I was ready to say our kind—meeting yesterday just after one o'clock dinner, five full grown, inanely noisy bipeds of ours oppressing five of those others, so patient, silent, thoughtful, subduedly humorous in expression. The Major, who was disgusted as well, had been telling some interesting chapters from Rosecrans's campaigns, and so I, filled with military associate ideas—which civilians are so readily capacious of—exclaimed: "Light-headed mounted man-infantry;" "I should rather think queerapiers," said the Major.

You eat well at the Engländer Hoff, and at the one o'clock dinner there is no Bear-meat. The best still wine—if you don't overgo a bottle—is Assmannshäuser. There is also a sparkling Moselle, conducive to conversation. The bottles are graceful objects to the eye, tapering up like church towers, and still pleasing when inclined. Withal they are honest German bottles, keeping to the mouth the fullness of the promise they offer to the sight—not like the modern French and American bottles with retrospective bottoms, that would hold nearly as much outside as in.

PSALM OF ILE.

Tell me not in mournful measure
Oil is but an empty show;
For 'tis earth's deep hidden treasure,
And a pump will make it flow.

"Oil is greasy," "Oil doth smell bad"—
So say those who have it not:
So, of old, the poor fox felt bad
When the grapes he had not got.

Not to stay at home and grumble
Is the way to make your pile;
But in hearty rough and tumble
Dig and bore till you "strike ile."

Rods are long, and wells are filling,
And the earth, half full of holes,
Shows the signs of constant drilling,
Shows the wish that fills our souls.

See at Oil Creek how they rally!
See in Mecca's mud domain,
In the Alleghany valley—
All have "oil upon the brain."

Trust no agent's specious story;
Go yourself, get you a lease;
Drill—drill deep in search of glory;
Find it when you find the grease.

Hits of greenhorns oft remind us,
We, perhaps, by patient toil,
Can, departing, leave behind us
Quite a striking "show of oil."

Such a show as that another,
Boring after without luck,
Some forlorn and fainting brother
Seeing, may keep up his pluck.

Let us, then, be busy boring
With the means at our control;
Keep on drilling, keep exploring,
With a pump in every hole."

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1885.

WHAT THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY.

From the N. Y. Times, Aug. 9.

The SATURDAY PRESS, whose pages in days gone by were filled with wit and wealth of humor, is revived. Mr. Clapp's hand is still firm on the helm, and his bark has bounded boldly among the couriers of the literary sea. The paper has changed form, but is improved; of pleasant shape and size, filled with good things, it is welcome to our table. Its first number was excellent, its promises are flattering, and we have no doubt of its entire success.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 5.

Among the best weeklies of this city, a few years ago, was THE SATURDAY PRESS, edited and published by Henry Clapp, Jr. Able, peerless, and of a high literary tone, it had fewer readers than it deserved, though it stopped, we believe, because its editor was called to a more profitable avocation, rather than the want of sufficient support. It is, we believe, about to be renewed under favorable auspices by Mr. Clapp. The paper will be a fast competitor, in the race of the lively city weeklies.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, Aug. 5.

Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., has revived the SATURDAY PRESS, and issued the first number to-day. Those who remember (and who does not?) this journal, with its trenchant and independent criticism, its able literary articles, its manly notices of art and the drama, and its fearless exposure of all sorts of shams, will welcome it again and bid it God speed to a long and eventful life.

From the N. Y. Evening Post, Aug. 5.

Mr. Clapp has chosen an auspicious time for the revival of the SATURDAY PRESS, a paper, which, during its former period of existence, was the most witty and brilliant of our weeklies, and promises, in this first number of the new series, to be even better than before. If anything can help us to forget the hot weather, the present number of the SATURDAY PRESS, issued to-day, will be thus helpful. The SATURDAY PRESS was formerly a sheet of four pages; it now contains sixteen, is well printed, and is sold for the very reasonable price of six cents.

From the Home Journal, Aug. 26.

The SATURDAY PRESS has been revived, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., (its former editor,) a theatrical critic of long standing, and well known to the public by the sobriquet of "Figaro." Judging from the initial copies, we have every reason to predict a prosperous career for Mr. Clapp's undertaking. So far the articles have been witty and less weighty than those of other contemporaries which have recently appeared as candidates for public patronage. It would seem that the editor favors the "feuilleton" system. If talent, business capacity, and a host of friends can stimulate the circulation of a new periodical, Mr. Clapp's paper will be a success.

One of our city editors took a breakfast at the Maison Dorée the other morning, which, in consequence of his leaving a roll upon the table, came near costing him over four thousand dollars. The item has been variously exaggerated in the country papers, the latest account reading thus:—

On Monday last, one of the editors in New York, said to be Mr. Clapp of the SATURDAY PRESS, left a roll of bills to the amount of \$400,000, on the counter of Pfaff's, and but for the honesty of the head waiter, who promptly restored it, the careless editor would have been nearly ruined.

The idea of our being "nearly ruined" by the loss of any such sum as that mentioned—or of our even carrying any such sum about us—is simply preposterous. Country editors should know that the circulation of reports damaging to a man's credit are actionable. We may add that if ever the SATURDAY PRESS comes to grief, it will be for an amount that our out-of-town contemporaries have no idea of.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of last Monday has the following paragraph:—

"We learn that Colchester, the Spiritualist, by his agent, took out a licence on Saturday last, as a 'juggler,' paying \$20 therefor, by the terms of which he is allowed to practice until May next. The application was made for a licence as a 'spiritual medium, by some people called

jugglery;' but the Assessor would not consent, and the licence was issued for 'jugglery.'"

The best thing Colchester can do now, is to give up the use of spirits altogether, and rely, like Herrmann and Heller upon his digits. The spiritual humbug has had its day.

The Scotia, which arrived from Liverpool on Wednesday, brought over a distinguished party of English "nobles and gentry" who have come over here, according to the Times, to inspect our American railroads and examine the state of things in Wall Street. We advise them, as they value their lives, not to inspect our railroads too closely, and as they value their purses, to stay away from Wall St.

The treasury department has given orders for several new revenue cutters. It seems to be resolved that the revenue shall be cut in every way possible, while the number and variety of revenue cutters—naval and other—is almost beyond estimate.

One of the new Life, Limb, and Wind Insurance offices is publishing a journal under the title of THE ACCIDENTAL RECORD. The probability is, that it will soon have to be enlarged to double or treble the size of any periodical ever issued in the country.

Daniel Pratt, the "Great American Traveler," is lecturing out West on "The Value of the Human Mind." The subject must come home to him with great force.

A correspondent suggests as a good national toast "The Armory and the Knavery," and wishes to know whether the idea is a new one or has been printed before. We should think so, decidedly.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN LADY?

To the Editor of the Saturday Press:—If you cannot answer this question please ask A. Ward or Olive Logan, or publish it in your column of Notes and Queries.

I would like an answer as soon as possible, because our minister, Mr. Hyde, last Sunday requested the "ladies" of his congregation to meet him this week to devise means for spreading the gospel among the "laboring classes" of his parish, and I wish to know if I am expected as a lady to attend the call, or if I am one of the "laboring classes" to whom the gospel is to be brought.

The request sounded very nice and aristocratic, and I am sure must have pleased our English friends who talk so much about classes. Those brought up in snobby Old England may know well enough what *lady* means, but I was raised in republican New England, where each one is as good as another—or better—where all are expected to work, and where idleness is not *gentility*. I am sure the ladies labor hard enough there, if there be any. Perhaps Mr. Hyde believes that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

and so is trying to find employment for the *ladies* in evangelizing the *laboring classes*. I think it a very good idea. They can go in their carriages, and dressed in silks and laces, and sparkling with gems, say to the laborers: "Look at me: see what it is to be pious! 'Godliness is profitable unto all things.' You

get religion, and you may perhaps have such fine things: have nothing to do and be a *lady*!"

Now, Mr. Editor, I fear Mr. Hyde does not consider me a lady. My husband has had no government contracts, has not "struck ile," nor defalcated, nor had any gold checks, nor even failed in business. How is it to be expected that I can live in idleness on my husband's small salary? He says he will not live by speculation: that he is willing to give honest work for honest wages, and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, as God ordained. He believes in "Fair Play" for all, "Live and Let Live," and all such old-fashioned copy-book maxims and primer teachings. Don't you think I am entitled to a divorce from such an "old fogey?" I am sure I can never be a *lady* while I am his wife.

I know it is very unladylike to take care of my children, but dear me, it don't seem to me that I should feel like a real mother if I couldn't have them around me, and hear their prattle and see their sports, and attend to their wants. I like it better than the theatre and the opera. I would rather have their arms around my neck than any necklace I ever heard of. I do much of my own housework, too, but my husband says it seems much nicer to eat of my cooking, and I am glad to please him. I can't help my feelings for my husband and children, although they may be very unladylike.

There is my sister, too; I know of no one who has a better New England education, but her husband died leaving her quite destitute, and I am sure she belongs to the *laboring class*, for she is busy as a bee with her Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine in supporting her children. She says she likes it, feels independent, asks odds of no one, and would not have her children brought up in idleness. She says it is pitiable to see how ignorant and helpless some fine *ladies* are; that they know next to nothing about housework, sewing, and caring for children; that common Irish girls know more about such things than they do. Well, perhaps God didn't intend them to be anything but *ladies* and to spread the gospel among the *laboring classes*.

Now, Mr. Editor, do answer, if you think I am a lady, and can attend Mr. Hyde's call?

N. E.

SHINGLES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

SELECTED BY SOLON.

THEATRE MANAGERS.

We are born to do benefits.
Timon of Athens. Act 1, Sc. 2.

SMOKERS.

O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still.
Antony & Cleopatra. Act 1, Sc. 2.

BEN WOOD.

That we would do
We should do when we would, for this "would"
changes.
Hamlet. Act 4, Sc. 7.

POLITICIANS.

Among nine bad if one be good
There's yet one good in ten.
Ant's Well. Act 1, Sc. 3.
Let's to the Capitol!
Coriolanus. Act 2, Sc. 1.

JOURNALISTS.

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Winter's Tale. Act 4, Sc. 3.
Stick to your journal course; the breach
Is breach of all.
Cymbeline. Act 4, Sc. 2.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I went to the Broadway last Saturday afternoon, Mr. Editor, to see Charles Kean's Hamlet.

I don't know that it is so good as Richard Grant White's or Shakespeare's, but it is much more amusing, and makes you look upon the Dane, before the play is over, as a man and a brother.

Just so with his Macbeth and Lear: they are so thoroughly human that you wouldn't mind taking a drink with them, or, on a pinch, asking them to take a drink with you.

This is Kean's secret.

Everything he conceives, he unadorns.

Kings and princes count for nothing with him.

A man's a man for a' that.

As I said, last week, I don't know whether I like this in Kean or not: on the whole, I think not, so perhaps I'd better be wise, and say no more about it.

This I must add, however, that rather than miss seeing Kean in every one of his principal characters, you had better forego going to the theatre for the whole season.

As for our young actors and actresses, they ought to go and see him *en masse*, every chance they can get.

They will learn more from him in an hour than they could learn from any other source in a life-time,—and un-learn more, too, which would be still better.

I was glad to see several of them at the matinee last Saturday, "taking a shy," as one of them expressed it to me, "at his Hamlet."

They went to scoff, but remained to pray that they might do anything half so well.

The only thing to be feared is that some of them will go to imitating him, in which case they will be sure to reproduce nothing but his defects—as some hundreds of actors do in England, and are surprised that the people "don't see it," or, rather, that they do.

By the way, somebody sends me an epigram about Kean this week, taking off what he calls "the man's conceit," and saying that

—he feels
Like a Forrest or two in strength,
A Brobdignag in length,
A little tin Croesus on wheels.

"A little tin Croesus on wheels" is good: I think I've read something of the kind before, only a little stronger.

But the idea of Kean's being conceited!

I know of no man of his profession who exhibits more of the true modesty of genius.

It is the total absence of all pretense in his acting that exposes him, sometimes, to the charge of being prosy and commonplace.

And now, Mr. Editor, after all this, be sure to go to the Broadway this afternoon and see Kean's Lear; and if you don't find it such an every-day, homely, touching portraiture of the disconsolate old man (for Kean will make him a man rather than a king—and there's the rub) that you will want to go and see Frank Drew at the same house in the evening for sheer relief, why then I am no judge, that's all.

I should like to go and see it myself, but I think of taking some country cousins to Niblo's to see "Arrah-na-Pogue," and hear Glenney sing

The wearing o' the green.

And not particularly apropos of this, or of

anything, let me mention, because it happens to come to my mind, thinking of the Pogue, that an entertainment is to be given at Dodworth's Hall next Monday evening by Frank Cahill, on the subject of "Frogs," in the course of which that rising young orator, (known, of late, as the "Wild Humorist of the Marshes") promises to discourse on "the loves and lives of bull-frogs," and to explain why the innocent creatures have been persecuted for "wearing o' the green."

Five hundred *b. f.'s* will be present on the occasion, and as many spectators as are willing to pay twenty-five cents and take a lesson in natural history.

The biggest *b. f.* will receive a prize at the close of the entertainment, and is expected to make a speech.

I doubt if the "Wild Humorist of the Marshes" is quite up to the "Wild Humorist of the Plains" as a lecturer, but you see he is to have five hundred assistants, and if there is to be any croaking done let it be done by them.

Moreover, the Wild Humorist of the Plains is not in the field now, having had to retire, while at the dizzy heights of his success, in consequence of being attacked by that least humorous of all diseases—the cholera-morbus.

He is better now, thanks to Dr. Sanger, but too late to re-appear this season in New York, as President Johnson and cabinet are waiting for him in Washington.

He is also busy reading his new book.

The next occupant of Irving Hall (for it is there, as I should have said, where the W. H. of the P. has just reached the culminating point of his success) will be our irrepressible friend Bateman—"Stonewall Bateman," as McArone felicitously styles him.

This time he appears as an impresario, and is to introduce to us on Monday next his first prima donna, Mdlle. Euphrosyne Parepa, supported by Messrs. Carl Rosa, (violinist) and Edward Dannreuther (pianist).

A series of first-class concerts is promised us, and judging from the European credentials which the artists bring over, the promise will be "kept to the ear" without being "broken to the hope."

A full orchestra has been engaged for the occasion, of which what more can be said than it has been organized, and will be conducted by Theodore Thomas?

This is the only great musical attraction to be looked for before the opening of the opera season, which bids fair to be one of the most brilliant we have had for years.

Most of the boxes at the Academy are already taken, and Maretsek receives letters by the score, congratulating him on breaking loose from the *HERALD*, and assuring him that if he will conduct the opera himself, without consulting Washington Heights, the music-loving public will sustain him to a man.

If the *HERALD*, meanwhile, insists on calling him a "German Adventurer," and the *TIMES* sneers at him as a "Jew," all he has to do is to show that even a German Adventurer can give good opera (though one hardly needs proof of that if Maretsek answers to the description) and that a man may be a Jew, and still make quite as good an impresario as if he were a hard-shelled Baptist.

I have no doubt of the result myself, for I have watched Maretsek for some fifteen years, and have come to the conclusion that in op-

eratic matters he knows more than even I do.

Wertheimer says the same thing.

You must wait and see for yourself, however, Mr. Editor, and meanwhile just read Maretsek's programme, which you will find in any of the papers.

It's enough to make one's mouth water.

Dan Bryant was reading it yesterday, and said he meant to get up something of the same sort to open with next Monday at Mechanics' Hall.

Herrmann, the magician, was present, and said that by a wave of his wand he could reproduce and carry out the entire programme, and as he was going to open at the Academy next Monday night he had a great mind to do it.

I shouldn't be surprised at his attempting the thing, or at his attempting—and accomplishing—anything.

There is no lack of magicians in the world, but there is only one HERRMANN—just as there is no lack of comedians in the country, but only one CLARKE.

You ought to have been to the Winter Garden, by-the-way, on Wednesday night, to see the reception of Clarke.

It would have done your heart good.

People don't forget their old favorites so easily, after all, especially when they've been in trouble.

I doubt if Edwin Booth himself would have been better received than Clarke was.

There was literally a storm of applause, and when it lighted up the poor fellow hardly knew how to go on.

However, he soon recovered himself, and inspired by the enthusiasm of the house acted better than ever.

The plays of the evening were "Everybody's Friend" and "The Toodles," and I have no hesitation in saying that his Major Wellington de Boots in the former, and his Timothy Toodles in the latter were two as great pieces of low comedy acting as I have ever seen.

The pieces are too well-known to warrant any great comment, but it is no more than just to say that as they are represented, now, at the Winter Garden they constitute an attraction second to none before the public.

I should add that in "Everybody's Friend" the part of Mrs. Swansdown is played by Miss Rose Eytinge, who invests it with a charm all her own: and that the character of Mr. Icebrook, played so well, last season, by Dolly Davenport, is now in the hands of Mr. W. S. Andrews, who, though a comparative novice, has made such a success in it that the press, with hardly an exception, speak of him as one of the best actors in the town.

FIGARO.

According to the daily papers, the "monster balloon named the United States" is being inflated every day with great success. What can they mean?

Man wants but little ear below,
Nor wants that little long.

CHARLES LAMB, in one of his eulogies on city life as against life in the country, speaks of "the sweet security of streets." We wonder what kind of sweetness or security anybody could find in the streets of New York.

PHYLLIS.

I.

The very first time that we chanced to meet
She was tossing the new-mown hay,
And the haymakers turned from their work to look,
And called her their Queen in play.

II.

The very next time that we chanced to meet
She was seeking a lamb astray,
And the shepherds forgot to fold their flocks,
And followed her all the way.

III.

The very last time that we chanced to meet
She was weeping—Ah, well-a-day!
I whispered, "Shall I be your sweetheart, love?"
And she said, "If you like, you may!"

JACOB TONSON AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

It is the second week of September, the year 1666. At his shop-door in Holborn, beneath the time-honored emblem of his profession, the particolored pole, stands Mr. Jacob Tonson, barber-surgeon. He looks earnestly and sorrowfully at the dense canopy of smoke that hangs over the east. The fire that had destroyed more than half of London is still smouldering. Fragments of burning paper still fall upon the causeway, as the remains of the books that were stowed in Saint Faith's, under Paul's, are stirred by the wind. Mr. Tonson is troubled. He has friends amongst the booksellers in the ruined city; and occasional customers who have come thence to be trimmed, with beards of a se'nnights growth, tell him that these traders are most of them undone.

A month has passed since the fire broke out. The wealthy are finding house room in Westminster and Southwark, and in streets of the city which the flames have not reached. The poor are still, many of them, abiding in huts and tents in Moorfields and St. George's Field, and on the hills leading to Highgate. Some of the great thoroughfares may now be traversed. Mr. Tonson will venture forth to see the condition of his Company's Hall. With his second son, Jacob, holding his hand, he makes his way to Mugwell street. Barber-Surgeon's Hall has sustained some injury; but the theatre, built by Inigo Jones, which is the pride of the company, has not been damaged. He shows his son Holbein's great picture of the company receiving their charter from Henry VIII., and expatiates upon the honor of belonging to such a profession. Young Jacob does not seem much impressed by the paternal enthusiasm. The blood-letting and tooth-drawing are not more attractive to him than the shaving, which latter operation his father deputed to his apprentices. They make their way through narrow lanes, across Aldersgate street, and so into Little Britain. Mr. Tonson enters a large bookshop, and salutes the bookseller with great respect. By common repute, Mr. Scot is the largest librarian in Europe. Young Jacob listens attentively to all that passes. His father brings out William Loudon's "Catalogue of the most vendible books in England," and inquires for "The Anatomical Exercises of Dr. W. Harvey, Physician to the King's most excellent Majesty, concerning the motion of the Heart and Blood." Mr. Scot is somewhat

at leisure, and says that he has heard more disputes about Dr. Harvey's opinions of the circulation of the blood than upon any subject not theological. Mr. Tonson buys for his son, who has a taste for verse, a little volume of "Mr. Milton's Poems, with a Mask before the Earl of Bridgewater." Mr. Scot informs him that Mr. Milton, who had gone to Buckinghamshire upon the breaking out of the plague, has returned to his house in Bunhill Fields, and, as he hears, is engaged upon a heroic poem. The sum which Mr. Tonson has to pay for the two books rather exceeds his expectation; but Mr. Scot gives it not only as his own opinion, but that of a very shrewd customer of his, Mr. Pepys, that in consequence of so many books being burned, there will be a great want of books. Mr. Scot is firmly impressed with the truth of an old adage, that what is one man's loss is another man's gain, and has no scruple about raising the prices of his large stock. "A good time is coming, sir, for printers and booksellers," says Mr. Scot. "Ah, Jacob," exclaims Mr. Tonson, "If I hadn't a noble profession for you to follow, I should like to see you a bookseller."

Two years have elapsed. The good chirurgeon has fallen sick; and not even his conversion to Dr. Harvey's opinions "concerning the motion of the heart and blood" can save him. Young Jacob had employed most of his holiday hours in reading plays and poems, and he had a decided aversion to the business carried on "under the pole." His father had left his brother Richard, himself, and his three sisters, one hundred pounds each, to be paid them upon their coming of age. The two brothers resolved for printing and bookselling. Jacob was apprenticed, on the 5th of June, 1670, to Thomas Bassett, a bookseller; he was then of the age of fourteen. I scarcely need trace the shadow of the boy growing up into a young man, and learning, what a practical experience only can give, to form a due estimate of the trade value of books, and the commercial reputation of authors. After seven years he was admitted to his freedom in the Stationers' Company, and immediately afterwards commenced business with his capital of a hundred pounds. The elder brother had embarked in the same calling a year before. Thus, at the beginning of 1678, he entered "the realms of print"—a region not then divided into so many provinces as now. Under "The Judge's Head," which he set up as his sign in Chancery Lane, close to the corner of Fleet street, he might have an open window, and exhibit, upon a capacious board, old law books and new plays, equally vendible in that vicinity of the inns of court. But he had a higher ambition than to be a mere vender of books. He would purchase and print original writings, and he would aim at securing "the most eminent hands." He published before 1679 some of the plays of Otway and Tate. But he aimed at more illustrious game. I see him as he sits in his back shop, pondering over such reputations. Mr. Otway's "Friendship in Fashion" is somewhat too gross, and his "Caius Marius" has been stolen, in great part from Shakspeare. As for Mr. Tate, he may be fit to mangle "King Lear," but he has no genius. Could he get hold of Mr. Dryden? He, indeed, were worth having. Mr. Herringman has been Mr. Dryden's publisher, but the

young aspirant bears of some disagreement. He will step over to the great writer's house near St. Bride's church, and make a bidding for his next play. "Troilus and Cressida; or Truth found too Late," was published by Tonson and Swalle, in 1679. The venture of twenty pounds for the copy is held to have been too large for our Jacob to have encountered singly.

Let me endeavor to realize the shadow of the figure and deportment of the young bookseller. He is in his twenty-third year, short and stout. Twenty years later, Pope calls him "little Jacob." It was not till after his death that he became immortalized in the "Dunciad" as "left-legg'd Jacob." In one previous edition, Lintot, "with steps unequal;" in another, "with legs expanded," "seemed to emulate great Jacob's pace." The "two left legs," as well as "leering looks," "bull face," and "Judas-colored hair," are attributed to Dryden in a satirical description of "Bibliopolo," a fragment of which is inserted in a virulent Tory poem, published at the time when Tonson was secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, composed of the Whigs most distinguished as statesmen and writers. In a dialogue between Tonson and Congreve, published in 1714, in a small volume of poems by Rowe, there is a pleasant description of Tonson before he had grand associates—

"While, in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not live, as now your trade is,
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies,
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert, to my conceiving,
The cheerfullest, best, honest, fellow living."

After this, the eulogy of John Dunton is somewhat flat:—"He was bookseller to the famous Dryden, and is himself a very good judge of persons and authors; and, as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion upon another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for, to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions, and will flatter nobody."

The young bookseller is gradually attaining a position. In 1681 there was an indefatigable collector of the fugitive poetry, especially political, which formed the chief staple of many bookseller's shops, and the most vendible commodity of the noisy hawkers. Mr. Narcissus Luttrell recorded—according to his custom of marking on each sheet and half-sheet of the "Sybilline Leaves" the day he acquired it—that on the 17th of November he received a copy of the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel," "from his friend Jacob Tonson." Dryden and his publisher appear to be on a very friendly footing in 1684. He sends the poet a present of two melons; and the poet, in his letter of thanks, advises him to reprint "Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse," and to print a thousand copies. Dryden was now at work upon the "Miscellany Poems," that collection which is sometimes called "Tonson's," and sometimes "Dryden's." According to the fashion of title-pages at that time, it was to be written "by the most eminent hands." The poet writes, "Since we are to have nothing but new, I am resolved we will have nothing but good, whomever we disoblige."

The first volume was published in 1684; a second volume appeared in 1685. Malone says, "This was the first collection of that kind

which had appeared for many years in England." The third "Miscellany" was published in 1693. Tonson had now become a sharp tradesman. A letter from him to Dryden exhibits him haggling about the number of lines he ought to receive of the translation of parts of Ovid. He had only 1446 for fifty guineas, whereas he expected 1518 lines for forty guineas. He is, nevertheless, humbly submissive. "I own, if you don't think fit to add something more, I must submit; 'tis wholly at your choice." Still holding to his maxim to have a pennyworth for his penny, he adds, "you were pleased to use me much kinder in Juvenal, which is not reckoned so easy to translate as Ovid." Although the bookseller seems mercenary enough to justify Malone's remark that "by him who is to live by the sale of books, a book is considered merely as an article of trade," Dryden soon after writes to Tonson, "I am much ashamed of myself that I am so much behindhand with you in kindness. Above all things, I am sensible of your good nature in bearing me company to this place" (somewhere in Northamptonshire.)

Dryden could now ill afford to be curtailed in the bookseller's payment for his verses. The Revolution had deprived him of his office of Poet-Laureate; but he might do better than writing "Miscellany Poems" at the rate of ninepence a line. He will publish a specimen of his translation of Virgil in the "Miscellany," but he will produce the complete work by subscription. Tonson shall be his agent for printing the volumes, with engravings. The plan succeeds. There are large paper copies for the rich and great; there are small-paper copies for a second class of subscribers. "Be ready with the price of paper and of the books," writes Dryden. They were to meet at a tavern. "No matter for any dinner; for that is a charge to you, and I care not for it. Mr. Congreve may be with us, as a common friend."

Few were the literary bargains that were settled without a dinner. Fewer, indeed, were the coffee-house meetings between author and bookseller that were not accompanied with that solace which was called a "whet." Their business is completed. Mr. Dryden goes again into the country for his poetical labors and his fishing. Mr. Tonson is "My good friend," and "I assure you I lay up your last kindnesses to me in my heart." But a terrible subject of dispute is coming up which much perplexes the bookseller. In October, 1695, the poet writes: "I expect fifty pounds in good silver: not such as I had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I, nor stay for it beyond four and twenty hours after it is due." The sellers and the buyers in all trades are sorely disturbed in their calculations, whilst Charles Montague, and Locke, and Newton are thinking over the best means for a reform of the coinage. Mr. Tonson's customers give him bad silver for his books, and Mr. Dryden's subscribers for his five-guinea edition would take care not to pay the bookseller at the rate of twenty-one shillings for each golden piece whose exchangeable value is increased forty per cent. When the author writes, "I expect fifty pounds in good silver," he demands an impossibility. All the "good silver" was hoarded. When he says, "I am not obliged to take gold," he means that he

is not obliged to take guineas at their market value as compared with the clipped and debased silver. Cunningham, a historian of the period, says, "Guineas on a sudden rose to thirty shillings a piece—all currency of other money was stopped." Dryden was, in the end, compelled to submit to the common fate of all who had to receive money in exchange for labor or goods. So the poet squabbles with his publisher into the next year, and the publisher—of whose arguments in his self-defence we hear nothing—gets hard measure from the historian one hundred and fifty years afterwards. "The ignorant and helpless peasant," says Macaulay, "was cruelly ground between one class which would give money only by tale and another which would take it only by weight; yet his sufferings hardly exceeded those of the unfortunate race of authors. Of the way in which obscure writers were treated, we may easily form a judgment from the letters, still extant, of Dryden to his bookseller Tonson." The poet's complaints, presented without any attendant circumstances, and with some suppression, would seem to imply that Tonson attempted to cheat Dryden as he would have attempted to cheat obscure writers. But Macaulay justly says, "These complaints and demands, which have been preserved from destruction only by the eminence of the writer, are doubtless merely a fair example of the correspondence which filled all the mail-bags of England for several months."

Reconciliation soon comes. The business intercourse of Dryden and Tonson continues uninterrupted. Jacob, we may believe, sometimes meditates upon the loss of his great friend. Will any poetical genius arise worthy to take his place? He thinks not. He must look around him and see which of the old writers can be successfully reproduced, like the Milton, which he has now made his own, as the world may observe in the portrait which Sir Godfrey Kneller has painted for him, with "Paradise Lost" in his hand.

I see the shadow of a younger Jacob Tonson than he who is thus represented in the engraving. I see him bargaining, in 1683, with Brabazon Aylmer, for one half of his interest in Milton's poem. Aylmer produces the document which transfers to him the entire copyright, signed by Samuel Simmons; and he exhibits also the original covenant of indenture, by which Milton sold to Simmons his copy for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation for other payments, according to the future sales,—twenty pounds in the whole. Mr. Tonson thinks that the value of other literary wares than "prologues and plays" has risen in the market. He could scarcely have dreamt, however, that the time would come when a hundred guineas would be given for this very indenture, and that it would be preserved in a national museum as a sacred treasure. He buys a half of Aylmer's interest, and has many cogitations about the best mode of making profit out of his bargain. The temper of the times, and the fashionable tastes, are not propitious to blank verse upon a sacred subject; and the name of Milton, the Secretary of the late Usurper, is held in hatred. It is true that Mr. Dryden had said that this was one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either the age or nation had produced; but the prudent

Jacob would pause a little. The time might come when he who sang of "man's first disobedience" would not be hated by the clergy, and when Rochester would not be the fashion at court. He waited four years, and then issued proposals for publishing "Paradise Lost" by subscription. He was encouraged in this undertaking by two persons of some influence—John Somers, who had written verses and other things for him, a barrister; and Francis Atterbury, a student of Christ Church. There is sufficient encouragement to proceed; and so, in 1688, Milton comes forth in folio, with a portrait, under which are engraven certain lines which Dryden had furnished to his publisher. Times were changed since Samuel Simmons paid his five pounds down for the copy, and agreed to pay five pounds more when thirteen hundred were sold. And so Mr. Dryden was not altogether opposed to the critical opinions of the existing generation when he wrote that "the force of Nature could no farther go" when she united Homer and Virgil in Milton. Dryden not only gave his famous six lines to Tonson, but paid his crowns as a subscriber.

It is Saint Cecilia's Day, the 22nd of November, 1697. Mr. Tonson has seen the manuscript of Mr. Dryden's Ode or Song, to be performed at the Music Feast kept in Stationers' Hall—"the Anniversary Feast of the Society of Gentlemen, lovers of music." Mr. Tonson has attended many of these performances in his own Hall, and was particularly interested in one a few years before, for which his distinguished friend wrote the Ode. But on this latter occasion, as earnest Jacob tells to every one who will listen to him, Mr. Dryden has surpassed himself. Never, he thinks, and thinks truly, has there been so glorious an Ode as Alexander's Feast. His notions differed somewhat from the majority of the audience assembled on that occasion, who were accustomed to attach more importance to the music than to the words of the annual song of praise. Purcell died two years before, and Dryden wrote his elegy. One of less renown, Jeremiah Clarke, of the Chapel Royal, is now the composer. A great musician was to arise, in another generation, whose music should be married to his immortal verse. But the noble Ode can well stand alone.

The Ode to Saint Cecilia formed a part of the volume of "Fables" which Tonson published just before the poet's death. In December, 1699, Dryden had finished the work, with a preface written in his usual pure and vigorous prose. He was paid by Tonson two hundred and fifty guineas, with an engagement to make up that amount to three hundred pounds when a second impression should be demanded. It was thirteen years before such second edition was published.

In May, 1700, the bookseller's first great patron died. The time, I think, has arrived when a different interpretation of "patronage," as between author and publisher, must be adopted, in preference to the conventional use of the term which long prevailed. "During the better half of the past century," writes the worthy John Nicholls, "Jacob Tonson and Andrew Millar were the best patrons of literature," a fact rendered unquestionable by the valuable works produced under their fostering and genial hand

Again: "That eminent bookseller, Andrew Millar, the steady patron of Thomson and Fielding, and many other eminent authors." In 1778 Johnson said, "Now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with patronage." It was a pleasant delusion of Paternoster Row that patronage of authors had only changed from the Mæcenæ of the Cabinet to the Mæcenæ of the Counting-house.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Tonson purchased a small house and grounds at Barn Elms, a village between Putney and Mortlake. Its majestic elms are said to have been the subjects of many a pastoral poet. There was a mansion here in which Count Heidegger, the founder of Italian operas, resided. George II. was here entertained with displays of fireworks and illuminated lamps; but the "boets and bainters," who were not in good odor with the Hanoverian dynasty, conferred a lustre upon Barn Elms which did not go out quite so quickly as Heidegger's fireworks. Jacob's villa, originally little more than a cottage, was a pleasanter summer place of meeting for the Kit-Cat Club than Shire Lane or the Fountain. Like other clubbable men, its members were fond of country excursions. They had occasional meetings at the Upper Flask on Hampstead Heath, but to Barn Elms they could come in the painted vessel or the swift wherry, not quite so free from care, perhaps, as the swan-hopping citizens, who, in their August voyages, were accustomed to land at Barn Elms, and, with collations and dances on the green, while away a summer afternoon.

The origin and early history of the Kit Cat Club are shrouded in the "darkness visible" of the past. Fable and tradition assert their claims to be interpreters, as in the greater subject of the beginning of nations. Elkanah Settle, whose name has been preserved, like a fly in amber, by Dryden's bitter description of him under the name of Doeg, addressed in 1699 a manuscript poem "To the most renowned the President and the rest of the Knights of the most noble Order of the Toast." In these verses the City poet asserted the dignity of this illustrious society. Malone supposes the president to have been Lord Dorset or Mr. Montague, and the Order of the Toast to have been identical with the Kit-Cat Club. The toasting glasses of this association had verses engraven upon them which might have perished with their fragile vehicle had they not been preserved in Tonson's fifth Miscellany, as verses by Halifax, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Garth, and others of the rhyming and witty companionship, whose toasts, as was irreverently written, were in honor of old cats and young kits. This ingenious derivation is ascribed to Arbuthnot. There was a writer of a far lower grade—the scurrilous Ned Ward—who, in his "Secret History of Clubs," gives a circumstantial account of the origin of the Kit-Cat in connection with Jacob Tonson. It was founded, he said "by an amphibious mortal, chief merchant to the Muses." According to Ward's narrative, we see the shadow of Jacob Tonson, as drawn by a party caricaturist, waiting hopefully in his shop for the arrival of some one or more of "his new profitable chaps, who, having more

wit than experience, put but a slender value as yet upon their maiden performances." The exact locality, made illustrious by Christopher Katt and his mutton-pies, is held by Ned Ward to have been Gray's Inn Lane; by other and better authorities Shire Lane, and subsequently the Fountain Tavern in the Strand. Mr. Tonson, then, in accordance with the custom of the times, was always ready to propose a "whet" to his authors, but he now added a pastry entertainment. At length, according to the satirist, Jacob proposed a weekly meeting, where he would continue the like feast, provided his friends would give him the refusal of all their juvenile productions. This "generous proposal was very readily agreed to by the whole poetic class, and the cook's name being Christopher, for brevity called Kit, and his sign being the Cat and Fiddle, they very merrily derived a quaint denomination from puss and her master, and from thence called themselves the Kit-Cat Club." Ward goes on to say that the club, having usurped the bays from all the town, "many of the quality grew fond of showing the everlasting honor that was likely to crown the poetical society."

(From Temple Bar.)

BLONDES versus BRUNETTES.

From the creation of the world down to the present times there has been, says M. Ausone de Chancel, in his clever and amusing book *Le Livre des Blondes*, an unceasing struggle between the two antagonistic principles symbolized by the colors dark and fair—blonde and brunette. Daylight and all that belongs to it, bright flowers and tuneful birds, virtuous thoughts and meritorious actions, loyal friendships and the pure joys of the domestic hearth, all that makes earth truly enjoyable,—must be classed together as fair. On the other hand, the appendage of the dark is the funereal veil of night, the triple-faced hypocritical moon, the whole hideous tribe of ghouls, sprites, bats, vampires, owls, robbers, clandestine amours and gloomy death. In the beginning there was but one color to mankind. By degrees white degenerated into copper-color, while that, again, became intensified into black. The most beautiful object of creation is a golden-haired fair-complexioned woman, with eyes blue as the periwinkle or the forget-me-not. In the absence of any positive proof to the contrary, we may accept Milton's assurance that Eve "fairest of her daughters," had tresses of golden hue; and in like manner the artists of all ages have represented the Madonna as a pure blonde; for the mythical black virgins attributed to St. Luke are evidently nothing more than Byzantine copies of Egyptian representations of Isis and Horus.

It is not every body who can be a blonde, and just as little can every body be a brunette. The genuine and veritable blonde should be tall, lissom, blue-eyed, and with an alabaster skin. Her movements should be impressed with that elegant languor which indicates a dreamy but impassioned nature. The blonde would be supremely happy were she not subject to old age, but that creeps upon her while she regrets her native heaven. No matter how dark a woman may have been in the flesh and in her actual life, no sooner does she

pass into the region of poesy than straightway she is crowned with auburn tresses. It is thus that the painter and the sculptor—until Mr. Storey struck out another path—have loved to represent Cleopatra, that brownest of brunettes, as a "child of earth with golden hair."

The most perfect blondes are to be found, like every other kind of perfection, in France; for in Germany they are too fat, and in England too lean. Now and then, however, they are to be found, in a comet-like form, in Italy and Spain: and how lovely they can be in the last-named country we may judge from the not less gracious than graceful Empress of the French. And the Spanish blonde is no invention of modern times. Does not Cervantes dwell with rapture on the long fair tresses of the damsel disguised as a peasant, so long that they reached to her feet, so fair that Apollo himself might have envied them?

The ancients, it is beyond all question, placed the brunette in the second rank. Both Hesiod and Homer ascribe golden hair to the Goddess of Love: and even Minerva, who, though somewhat too much addicted to war and strife, had still enough of the woman in her to be fond of fine dresses, had eyes of azure blue. Diana, again, the prude, who banished Calisto from her presence, and then stole down at night to kiss the sleeping Endymion, was fair to a fault, with the eyes of a cat. Vesta, indeed, was dark; but then she was all flesh, and no soul, and would have eaten the doves of Venus, could she have caught them and cooked them *à la crapaudine*.

The very fire that was kept ever burning upon her altars was nothing more than the emblem of a well-appointed kitchen; and thus when a priestess suffered the sacred flame to expire, the delinquent was consistently punished by being allowed to perish of hunger. It is true there were two Venuses, of whom the Celestial Venus alone was fair; but what does this prove, except that through degeneracy the Earthly Venus had turned into a brunette? Fair could not be foul, nor foul fair. And the physical charms and defects of the mothers were transmitted in a moral sense to their respective infants. Venus the Blonde gave birth to the chaste Eros; while from Venus the Brunette sprang Anteros, the pretty horse-breaker's favorite groom. That the rosy-fingered Aurora was fair as a summer's dawn, no one will deny; and seeing that Anchises took Venus for one of the "Sister Graces three," it is clear that those charming maidens must have been bright and fair as the three Christian virtues commended by St. Paul, of which they were the truest prototypes. Unhappily, modern artists have misunderstood the proper attributes of these Virtues, for they fashion Faith as a Juno, and Hope as a Minerva, although avoiding the capital error of designing Charity as other than Venus Urania. Then, as the Nymphs were the daughters of Nereus and the fair-haired Doris, it is at least probable that one half of them, if not the majority, took after their mother. Indeed we know that it is so; for do we not see them—only slightly more apparelled—at St. James's and the Tuilleries, in Rotten Row and the Bois de Boulogne, fair as the stars of heaven, with waving sunbeams for locks of hair?

On the other hand, the Parcs, daughters of swarthy Night, were as dark as their sombre parent, whose dear friends and gossip, the

Eumenides, were as black as herself. Juno too, haughty, overbearing, selfish, jealous,—not always without cause,—was a brunette of brunettes, and had the eyes of an ox. Proserpine, again, must have belonged to the same category, and in her mean jealousy changed a poor nymph into a pot-herb, because her eyes happened to be blacker than her own. Pandora, it must be admitted, had the fierce coal-black eyes of her fashioner Vulcan, but her complexion and her hair were the gift of the Celestial Venus, and so far she resembled the Laura of Petrarch. And Circe, the enchantress Circe, inherited the bright locks of her father the far-darting Apollo, like unto the ruddy flames of a volcano in eruption, when the glowing lava sends forth showers of sparks red as molten copper issuing from the furnace.

Among the Greeks the fair style of beauty was that which was most highly appreciated; for it cannot be doubted that the real object of the Argonautic expedition was simply to carry off Medea, the princess with the golden locks; just as in later times all Greece hurled itself against the Troad to recover the fairest of women, Helen, the wife of Menelaus. But even in that favored land it fell to the lot of some women to be born with a dark complexion. They were, however, equal to the occasion, and by the aid of art soon learned to dye their hair of a yellow hue, or sprinkled it with gold-dust. At the same time the blondes loved to dye their eyelids and eyebrows black, and truly there is nothing more fascinating than this happy combination of art and nature. The ill-fated André Chenier alludes to this peculiar type of beauty in the graceful style habitual to him:

"Je sais qu'on ne voit point d'attraits plus désirés
Qu'un visage arrondi, de longs cheveux dorés;
Dans une bouche étroite un double rang d'ivoire,
Et, sur de beaux yeux bleus, une paupière noire."

The judgment of Paris was the judgment of all antiquity. Was not the blonde Phryne saluted with acclamations of delight and wonderment when surprised in the waters of the Saronic Gulf, with no other covering than her locks of burnished gold? Lais, indeed, was a brunette, but she died in abject poverty, while her countrymen erected to Phryne a statue of gold in the Temple of Delphi. And when a double accusation was brought against Phryne by which her life was in peril, did she not turn the tables upon her accuser by the simple expedient of allowing her tunic to glide off her shoulders, electrifying her mob of judges by their marvellous whiteness? In Egypt, where brunettes were more plentiful than blackberries, divine honors were accorded to a blonde, or at least to her hair, which even in these prosaic days may be seen radiating light and joy from its "pride of place" between Leo and Virgo.

The Romans were not one step behind the Greeks in their admiration of a fair complexion and golden locks. Virgil's Dido took the trouble to shear off her auburn tresses, and his Venus is distinguished by the epithet of *aurea*, as if the first of the "Kilmansegg Kin." As for that gay deceiver Horatius Flaccus, he himself tells us that he deserted Lydia for the blonde Chloe; nor did he overlook the fair light hair of the coquettish Pyrrha. It is true, his idea of fairness of complexion does not quite harmonize with our own, for when

he wishes to praise the beauty of Circe, he, or the exigencies of his metre, can find no better epithet than *virescam*. In the Rosherville Gardens, as we have somewhere read—probably in the *PALL-MALL GAZETTE*—there is a tower the windows of which are made of different-colored glasses, so that you look out upon the four seasons of the year within a circle of a few yards' circumference. Trees, grass, houses, and the river may not suffer when viewed through the medium of this toy; but can the same be said of lovely woman? Our window and table glass is nearly hueless; but what a watery, washed-out, mermaidish, and even fishy complexion would that be if it existed in the case of the empress of our soul? And the word cannot have meant "transparent," for that is just what Circe was not; as, indeed, how could she have been, being a woman as well as an enchantress?—unless it alluded to the opaque transparency of "a bull's eye." After all, why should not Horace have been thinking rather of her moral than her physical attributes, and so likened her dangerous character to pernicious vitriol? The idea, so far as we are aware, is decidedly original; but it is freely presented to future commentators, without any reservation of rights of translation or letters of patent. Nor was Horace singular among his countrymen in his weakness for fair-skinned and fair-haired maidens.

Tibullus praises those qualities in Cœlia and Phœbe; Propertius grows sentimental over the violets peeping out of the golden tresses of Cynthia; Gallus falls into an ecstasy because Lydia is whiter than milk or Indian ivory, than lily or eglantine; Martial takes credit to himself for having sent Lesbia the scalp of a German belle, in order that she might judge with her own eyes of the superior fairness of her own head of hair; and among the ruins of Pompeii the following inscription has lately been discovered: *Candida me docuit nigra odisse puellas*,—"A blonde taught me to turn up my nose at brunettes."

In the Middle Ages, again, it is abundantly clear from illuminated books and manuscripts that the blondes still bore off the palm from brunettes. Trouvères and troubadours alike owned their influence and sang their praises. Dante sighs over the grave that closed upon the fair locks of Beatrice, which were wont to light up the surrounding hills as with a gleam of sunshine. Tasso, before he lost his senses, raved about the beauty of the blonde and voluptuous Armida. Ariosto was of a cooler temperament, but even he becomes eloquent under the inspiration of the lilies and roses on the cheeks of Angelica shaded beneath her fair hair gently moved by the zephyrs. About the same time that these poets acknowledged the empire of this favored type of beauty, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders, instituted the Order of the Golden Fleece, in honor of a blonde. In the middle of the thirteenth century Raoul, Count of Soissons, said or sang:

"O belle blonde!
O cœur si gent!
Perle du monde,
Que j'aime tant."

Not even Marot, the gentle Marot, could restrain himself in his epithalamium on the marriage of Madeleine, daughter of Francis I., from indicating his preference for fair over

dark beauties. Truth compels him to admit "brunette elle est," but courtesy enables him to add "mais *pourtant* elle est belle." In his *Dialogue de Deux Amants*, however, he expresses without reserve his own opinion, and places "Barthélemy la blondelette" before all womanhood. Laborderie, again, makes his "amie du cœur" boast of her "blonds cheveux" and her "yeux verts, pleins de douceur." Then we have Mellin de Saint-Gelais exclaiming:

"Si vous sachiez, ô blonds cheveux,
Quel est le bien que je vous veux,
Un seul d'entre vous m'est plus cher
Qu'autre amie entière à toucher,
Ni que les trésors assemblés
Du fin or à quoi ressemblent."

To the same school belong Joachim Dubellay, with his "blonds cheveux" and starry eyes; Remi Belleau and his "tresses blondelettes;" Antoine de Baif and his "maints cheveux blondelets en tors annelets;" and Claude de Pontoux, whose "blonde"

"De son chant mélodieux
Et de sa bouche faconde
Endormirait tous les dieux."

Towards the close of the sixteenth century we find no less sedate a person than Gabriel Minut, Seneschal of Rouergue, devoting a whole book to the description of the charms of "La Belle Paule," a lady of Toulouse, who was of a "blond argenté," and "pourrait bien se mettre, si bon lui semblait" (though even then her husband might have objected), "en présence de quel qu'il fût, en forme nue, sans crainte qu'on la vit nullement." This lady, of whom it is written that she was "belle depuis la plante des pieds jusqu'au sommet de la tête; belle sur toutes les beautés les plus approchantes à la perfection, qui furent vues depuis que le monde, délaissant son vieil et difforme chaos, fut formé et façonné au plus beau de son mieux,"—this perfect woman was compelled to avoid the daily risk of suffocation whenever she ventured forth into the streets, by showing herself every Sunday on her balcony to gratify the longing eyes of her too susceptible fellow-citizens. After the same fashion, not so very many years ago, a crowd was gathered together in front of an hotel at Lyons, at one of the windows of which a lovely damsel "couverte de cheveux blancs retombant sur toutes ses roses" had been seen by a passer-by, too impressionable to view unmoved such a combination of charms. The lady in question was Mlle. Delphine Gay, afterwards Madame de Girardin, wife of the clever if crotchety editor of *LA PRESSE*, and author of *Le Supplice d'une Femme*.

Agnes Sorel was a blonde. A blonde was Diana of Poitiers. So likewise was Gabrielle d'Estrées. Blonde too, was Mary Queen of Scots; nor was Elizabeth a brunette. Blonde, again, were Anne of Austria and her rival the Countess of Hautfort; blonde, Henriette d'Entragues and Marie de Bourbon, Duchess of Orleans; blonde, Elizabeth of France, Queen of Spain, and Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans; blonde, the Duchess of Chevreuse, and the more celebrated Mlle. de Montpensier, who has left us her portrait limned by her own fair hands. "Puisqu'on vent," she writes, "que je fasse mon portrait, je tâcherai de m'en acquitter le mieux possible. Je commencerai d'abord par mon extérieur: je suis grande, ni grasse, ni maigre; d'une taille fort belle, fort aisée; j'ai bonne mine, la peau

blanche et belle, ainsi que la gorge; mes cheveux sont blonds et d'un beau cendré: mes yeux sont bleus, ma bouche vermeille." A pleasing portrait, in truth, and one that fully explains the extraordinary ascendancy over Paris and the Fronde so long exercised by the fair artist. At the court of Louis XIV. every woman who respected herself, as we learn from Feuillet de Conches, was either a blonde or got herself up as one, and those who had the misfortune to be endowed by nature with dark hair were obliged to wear wigs. Madame de Sévigné was blonde, and so also Mlle. de Fontanges, Mlle. de Lavallière, Madame de la Fayette, and even Madame de Maintenon. Under the Regency, however, brunettes came into fashion, for idealism was then forced to give place to materialism.

The epoch of Louis Quatorze was the epoch of great men, great ideas, great things, because it was also the epoch of large noses. The epoch of the Regency, on the contrary, was the epoch of little men, little art, little everything, because it was the epoch of little noses, of snub noses, of turned-up noses. All great times, all great peoples, all great men have been distinguished by long noses. The nose is the rudder of the human frame, only placed in front. With a long straight nose one marches forward direct to his goal, without looking to the right hand or to the left; but with a short nose, a squat nose, or a nose turned up, one advances by tacking in a zigzag line, fluttering to and fro like a butterfly. This is the reason why children, grisettes, and negroes, have no stability of character, in fact have no character at all, but laugh and cry and sing without cause, and just as chance directs them. All the generals of the Order of Jesuits have been long-nosed to a man. The order indeed is only recruited from men with long noses. All founders of empires and systems have been remarkable for their long straight noses, such as Alexander the Macedonian, Augustus Caesar, Napoleon, Aristotle, Moses, Mohammed, and Ignatius Loyola. Socrates, indeed, had little to boast of in this respect, but his favorite disciple, Plato, made up for his deficiency, and had nose enough for both.

But to return to our blondes; and it is well to make the most of them during the brief space of time they will yet be vouchsafed to humanity. A brief space! For already—according to M. Chancel, though our own personal experience scarcely confirms his position—blondes are going out and brunettes coming in, owing to the "intense intensity" of life in these days of strife and struggle and sham. The Ethiopians, who once were only brown, are degenerating into black. The copper-colored Mongolian is passing day by day from copper to bronze. The fair are turning dark, the dark are becoming black; and thus within a given time all mankind will be reduced to the condition of negroes, and then the devil alone will be painted as a blonde. The prospect is not an inviting one; but as every prophet is not a true prophet, it may be hoped that this prediction likewise may be classed with the dreams that issue through the ivory gate of Hades.

"Since I lost my wife, half the world has already disappeared; and when I die, in turn, the other half will vanish also."

She sent word to me, "You sleep, and we are separated." I replied, "Yes; but it is to rest my eyes after the tears they have shed."

He who greedily seeks honors and riches, may be compared to a man suffering from thirst which he tries to quench with the water of the sea. The more he drinks, the more he wants to drink, until at last he dies of drinking it.

BOOKS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1865, IS NOW READY.

The table of Contents is as follows: Coupon Bonds, I.; Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship; Needle and Garden, IX.; Scientific Farming; Dr. Johns, VIII.; Natural History of the Peacock; Up the St. John's River; a New Art Critic; the Luck of Abel Steadman; Sonnet; the Capture of Jeff Davis; the Chimney Corner, IX.; a Visit to the Edgeworths; On a Pair of Old Shoes; Commemoration Ode; Our Militia System.

The following writers contribute to this number: Prof. J. B. Lowell, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, author of "Life in the Iron Mills," T. W. Parsons, C. J. Sprague, T. W. Higginson; J. T. Trowbridge, Donald G. Mitchell, T. B. Aldrich, D. A. Wasson, Mrs. Farrar, Eugene Benson.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1865, IS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

The articles and writers in this number are as follows: The Lights on the Bridge, by Lucy Larcom; Apologizing, by Gail Hamilton; Margery Grey, by Julia C. R. Dorr; the Cloud with the Silver Lining, by Mary N. Prescott; Farming for Boys, VIII., by the author of "Ten Acres Enough;" the Swallow, by Charlotte Kingsley Chanter; Lessons in Magic, V., by P. H. C.; Winning his Way, by Carleton; a Few Plain Words to My Little Pale-Faced Friends, by Dio Lewis; Half-Hours with Father Bright-hopes, II, by J. T. Trowbridge; Aunt Esther's Baler, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Among the Studios, I., by T. B. Aldrich; the Boy of Chancellorsville, by Edmund Kirke; Stars at Bed-time, by Mrs. Anna M. Wells; Round the Evening Lamp.

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MONUMENTS OF ART.



SHOWING ITS
DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS
FROM THE
EARLIEST ARTISTIC ATTEMPTS
TO THE
PRESENT PERIOD.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

Text by

PROF. DR. WILLIAM LÜBKE,
of Berlin, and
DR. CHARLES FR. A. VON LÜTROW,
of Munich.

Published by EMIL SEITZ, GIBSON'S BUILDING, Broadway, cor. of 13th Street, New York.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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Director.....MAX MARITZKE.
THE OPERA SEASONS OF 1885-86.
OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1885.

PROGRAMME:
Mr. MAX MARITZKE has the honor to submit to the subscribers and the public the following brief statement of his arrangements for the forthcoming Fall and Winter seasons: Of last year's company he has retained but four of the principal Artists. They are:

Mme. C. CAROZZI-ZUOCHI,
Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG,
Signor B. MASSIMILIANI,
Signor FERNANDO BELLINI.
The success of these singers, and their fidelity to the public and the management, enabled the Director to bring his last season to a brilliant termination—a season which was not only remarkable for the liberality with which it was sustained, but for unusual freedom from disappointment.

The Director has the satisfaction to announce that he has also effected engagements with the following well-known and highly-esteemed artists:

SIGNOR FRANCESCO MASELOLI,
SIGNORA ANTONETTA BRIGNOLI,
MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS,
SIGNOR ARDAVANI, AND

SIGNOR ROVERE.
Few companies have possessed more popular strength and here represented. With nine Artists of such wide and general acceptance, the Director might be content to risk a season in any capital of Europe. Relying, however, on the well-known liberality of the public, and anxious that the Academy of Music should lead rather than follow in the fullness of its personnel, the Director has engaged the following Artists, who will have the honor of appearing for the first time before an American audience:

SIGNORA ENRICHETTA BOSCHIO,
(Prima Donna Soprano from the principal theatres of Turin, Malta and Florence).
SIGNORA BINE DE BOSSI,
(First Contralto from the Italian Opera, Lima.)

SIGNOR ETTORE IRFRE,
(Principal Tenor from Barcelona, Naples, &c.)
SIGNOR GIUSEPPE MARRA,
(Principal Baritone from La Scala, Milan.)

SIGNOR G. B. ANTONUCCI,
(Principal Bass from the Imperial Italian Opera, Paris.)
HEER JULIUS SESSLEBERG,
(Principal Bass from the Opera, Vienna.)

The roles of the next importance will be rendered by
MISS FANNY STOCKTON,
SIGNOR DUBREUIL,
SIGNOR LORINI, and others.

The Secondary Parts will be interpreted by
Mlle. REICHARDT,
Mr. REICHARDT, and
Herr MUELLER.

THE CHORUS
Is entirely new in the Male Department, the Director having made an important addition to it from Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

THE ORCHESTRA
has been selected with the greatest care, and will be under the direction of
CARL BERGMANN,
Signor TORRIANI, and
MAX MARITZKE.

Leaders.....Messrs. LAPPY and NOLL,
Stage Manager.....Signor DUBREUIL,
Mistress of Ballet.....Signor BONZANI,
Scenic Artist.....Signor CALYO.

THE REPERTORY,
The usual standard works of the Italian, French and German schools will be produced in rapid succession. Among the novelties of the season will be the following:

"L'AFRICAIN,"
by Meyerbeer,
The posthumous works of the greatest Composer of modern times, and the one to which he looked with composure for his most lasting fame.

This Opera has been played with unvarying success in Paris, and to larger average receipts than any heretofore recorded in musical history. It has likewise been produced in London with equal success. The Director has purchased the right of production in America, and the work will be brought out with every attention to mise en scene, and with a cast which will equal that of either of the cities already named.

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Romantic opera, in three acts, by the Brothers Ricci.
This Opera has lately been revived in Europe with great success. The music is exceedingly brilliant, and the dramatic situations are in the highest degree ludicrous.

POLETO DI GRESBY,
the composer of "Ione."
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Prices of Admission the same as usual.
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The office for subscriptions will be open at the Academy of Music on and after THURSDAY, 14th of September, 1885, from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. The several offices for the Sale of Tickets for each Operatic Representation, will open at the usual places on THURSDAY, the 21st of September, 1885.

Further particulars will be published in due time.

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TUESDAY, Sept. 12.—For this time only, LOUIS XI.
WEDNESDAY, Sept. 13.—KING LEAR.
THURSDAY, Sept. 14.—MACBETH.

FRIEDAY, Sept. 15.—BENEFIT OF MR. CHAS. KEAN,
RICHARD II.
And the Comedy of THE WONDER.

SATURDAY, Sept. 16.—MATINEE, commencing at one o'clock. For the first time in this theatre,
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Stage Manager.....Mr. J. G. Hanley

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Mrs. Major De Boots.....Miss Mary Carr

To conclude with Mr. CLARKE'S new and amended version of the far-famed Comic Drama of the
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The manager respectfully announces that in consequence of a previous engagement entered into with

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OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING:

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Intermission of Twenty Minutes.

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1. The Mysterious Glass.
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